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TITIAN.

A ROMANCE OF VENICE.

BY

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"Che non avea creduto che l'arte potesse giungere a tanto, e che solo Tiziano era degno del nome di Pittore."

MICHAEL ANGELO.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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TITIAN.

CHAPTER I.

SYMPTOMS OF A HEART-QUAKE.

> Spirits are not finely touched,
> But to fine issues.
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

THERE is no truer aphorism than the oft-repeated one, that whom Fame loves, Woman loves also. And *this* is one of the best and brightest rewards of genius, however its triumphs be won, by arms or eloquence, by pen or pencil.

In such cases, the *abstraction* of renown, rather than the *person* who achieves it, becomes an object of interest to the heart—as the Indian

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who bows the knee before some rudely sculptured image, pays the homage less to the senseless idol, than to the unknown Divinity whom it represents.

Much as has been said, harshly and tauntingly, of the "fitful fancies" of the sex, it is certain their love is less capriciously bestowed, and more enduringly, than ours. *They* are oftener won through the mind; *we*, through the eye. Personal beauty has the chief attraction for Man, while Woman makes intellectual worth the cherished eidolon of her heart. If, as the scandal of more than twenty centuries reports, the fair and eloquent Aspasia was enamoured of Socrates, even while Pericles was at her feet, it must have been his surpassing intellect and lofty fame that won her, in despite of his acknowledged want of personal attractions. Nay, there is no necessity for groping amid the gloom of antiquity for an illustration;—when the tempestuous passions of *la belle Hamilton* were concentrated on their latest object, Nelson, surely it was the glory of

the Hero which gained a conquest the Man might vainly have striven for? There are many instances where the celebrity of a man excites stirring interest in the mind of an imaginative woman—so that, long before she has ever seen him, her fancy beholds him in the glass of his renown—her day-dreams are peopled with the images of what he has written, or done, or said—praise, the world's frankincense, becomes valued as it is bestowed on him—and the fair idealist is prepared to meet him as one who is anything but a stranger, as one for whom she already feels an interest which the breath of Circumstance may fan into a warmer impulse.

And oh, however excited, how true as well as trusting is the love of Woman. Even when she discovers that the object of her passion when tested by reality, differs widely from the eidolon of her imagination, she does not—she cannot abandon him. Worthless as he may be in the eyes of all the world beside, he has some redeeming virtue in *her* eyes. He may be con-

temned by society, but his very isolation is a reason why he is not to be forsaken by her. The tempest may gather round his head—his household gods lie shattered on his hearth—the finger of scorn point at him—but there is *one* who never will forsake him whom she loves; who will lead back his steps to virtue, if she can; who will press closer to his side, with sympathy and counsel, when Adversity may strike him down; and who, whether there be sunshine or storm above his head, remains strong and single-minded in her devotedness to him. Exquisite is this enduring affection of the sex, and many, we fear, are the sad and silent martyrs whom it makes. Verily, their reward is from the "still, small voice" within, which tells them they have done their duty.

It speedily became generally known in Venice, that a rival had obtained signal triumphs over Giorgione, and, unspoiled by his successes, was enthusiastically devoting himself to the prosecution of his art. He appeared

so little in society—although the noblest were anxious to entertain one so singularly worthy—that he was far better known by reputation than person. But, this very retirement, which he appeared to prefer, sustained the interest originally excited by his sudden elevation to distinction, aided as it was by a thousand rumours of his circumstances and adventures before he had struggled from obscurity to fame. Even in the retired circle at Count Petigliano's, such rumours were received and speculated upon, and the fair ladies had many conjectures respecting Titian, which they uttered to each other while they indulged in the laborious idleness of embroidery, or bead-work, or such other feminine fancies as beguiled the tardy hours with a soft semblance of occupation.

Agrippa having mentioned Titian's name, one evening, Beatrice looked the inquiries which Amicia had no hesitation in playfully making. Then they learned, more distinctively than they had before heard, how much the young Painter had endured, how greatly he had

triumphed, and how, with a modesty which all applauded, he now bore himself unspoiled by prosperity. "He seems not to plume himself," added Agrippa, "on that wondrous art—in future days it may be regarded as the best fruit of genius—of which he has thus shown himself so great a master, but, while he gives that best tribute—a rival's praise, to the many merits of Giorgione—is silent upon his own, and is one of the few in Venice who appears unmoved by his own success. It is stranger yet, that being in the very bloom of life and of so excellent a person that the brightest eyes cannot choose but look favourably on him, no one has known him to give even the gentle homage of a sigh to the breathing beauty whose semblance his pencil so well depicts. It is believed that he must have some secret passion—that there must be some beloved one upon whom he lavishes the affection many of the fairest in Venice would gladly awaken for themselves. If it be thus, he has kept his secret with rare discretion."

Amicia said that she had seen so little of Venetian society, as to be unable to judge whether the fair ones of whom Agrippa spoke had minds worthy of such a mind as Titian's; her eyes had often assured her of their loveliness—and the Painter must have an insensible heart if he could view them without involuntary admiration.

"Nay, we may wrong him," remarked Beatrice. "There may be some *one* whom he secretly loves—some one either too much above or too far below him?"

"This is more possible than probable," replied Agrippa. "In his obscurity some such passion might have sprung up, and if its object were too far above him by station or wealth, it would have been prudent then not to have given his affection a voice. But he is now in a situation where his name ranks as high as if it had the proudest title before it, and he is on the broad road to fortune. There is nothing, therefore, to prevent such an avowal, if there were any to make."

"But his affections may have been bestowed on some one in a lowly station?"

"In that case," said Agrippa, "I am confident that no unworthy pride would make him hesitate to avow, in prosperity, the feelings that had birth in his obscurer fortunes. I should rather believe that, even as he says, his heart is yet to be won. Lay siege to the citadel yourself, Signora—it may be worth the conquest!"

"You shall not pique my curiosity any longer," replied Amicia, playfully shaking her little hand at him, "for I shall ask no more questions."

"You have not told us," asked her cousin, "whom or what this artist is like? Whence has he come?—what is his age?—how long has he been in Venice?"

"A dozen questions in a breath, Signora! Which of them shall I answer first? Marco Contarini, one of the wits of the Broglio, whose very notice confers fashion, declares that Tiziano Vecelli is doubtless the Apelles of this

Ocean-Rome, being nearly as much distinguished in person as by genius. Not a cavalier in Venice is more highly accomplished than Tiziano Vecelli. His education has been of the first order, nor does he lack the more refined adjuncts that make life agreeable. To hear him play, one would think that, like Giorgione, he was capable of being as excellent a musician as a painter. To read his poetry, you would fancy that the mantle of Petrarca had descended upon him. To see his pictures, you might dream that he was bent on fulfilling the traditionary glory of the antique Greek artists. To him, as to all great men who have struggled with and conquered difficulty, it appears as if success had breathed new energy into his frame. There is a brightness in his eyes, and a buoyancy in his manner, since he has succeeded, which never fail to win him friendships among the young. It is known, too, that he is of noble birth, which makes the highest in proud Venice anxious to be on intimate terms with him. The night has past—

the morning has brought sunshine to him. A few weeks ago and his very existence was not known to many—behold him now, honoured and sought by all. Whatever rumour reports of his worth is not more than the reality. But of that you may best satisfy yourselves by visiting his *studio*—it has become the fashion for ladies to do this, although Titian is said to be scarcely satisfied with such tributes of respect and curiosity, because they interrupt his labours. If *you* go to see him, he may fancy that he beholds the incarnation of that ideal loveliness his mind so well imagines and his pencil so richly pourtrays! For the rest, Signora, his life is in its early summer, his years being some seven and twenty; he comes from Cadore in the Friuli, and has been in Venice since his childhood."

Seeing that they were interested in the subject, Agrippa further told them some of those particulars respecting the early pursuits and recent struggles of Titian, with which the reader has already been made acquainted. "If

ever a man were born a Painter," he continued, "it is Titian. From childhood even until now, when his merits won all praise, his soul has been wholly in his art. We know little except by tradition of what the great painters performed in the days when Sculpture released the form of majesty or grace from the marble. But we may readily judge that their excellence chiefly consisted in the faithful delineation of form, while, in our days, the artists, elevating painting to a level at least with sculpture, add truthful expression and rich colouring to accurate drawing. If Da Vinci excel in purity of expression, he is surpassed, in turn, by Titian's luxurious colouring. Yet the beauty of this difficult colouring, like the pathos of sweet-voiced music, is produced less by the waste than the husbandry of his means. There is truth, too, in Titian's pictures. When Lysippus, the sculptor, asked the painter Eupompus where were his models, 'There,' said he, shewing him the multitudes passing through the streets, 'there they are. From nature, and not

from art, must he copy who would obtain honour from pencil or chisel!' It has been thus with Titian: his models are the manly beauty and feminine grace which his eyes beheld before him, and the secret of his power is Truth, treated by a poetic mind. He is more than a mere artist. He has cultivated letters with success, (having studied under old Egnazio) and in this he resembles Da Vinci, Michael Angelo, and Raphael. One of his most intimate friends, the Signore Barberigo, has shewn some poetry of his, composed not long ago, the excellence of which assures me, that if Titian had solely applied himself to song, he might be as the new Catullus of our time. But that he should so excel, I do not wonder at, for the difference is small between poetry and painting."

"I can see little similarity between them," said Beatrice. "A painting is the result of labour, while a poem comes, almost without an effort, from the mind of the lyrist."

"They are the same: the same, yet with a

difference. PAINTING IS SILENT POETRY, AND POETRY A SPEAKING PICTURE—* so nearly are they related. Painting addresses itself to the mind, through the eye. To produce poem or painting requires high genius—nor that alone, but patient labour also. The Painter meditates a great work, disposes his figures, arranges his details, contrasts his light and shade, adjusts the drapery and the ornaments, marks how he shall give the varying expression to the different features, and where

* "Dicitur enim pictura non aliud quam Poësis tacens; poësis vero pictura loquens; tam sunt sibi invicem affines." —AGRIPPA de incertitudine et vanitate omnium scientiarum et artium. Cap. xxiv.

It is curious to trace the travels of a thought. The above was started by Aristotle. Then came the "Ut pictura poësis" of Horace. The sentence, above quoted from Agrippa, followed. In England the affinity between poetry and painting was noticed by Dryden and others. In France, Rousseau condescended to take the very words used by Agrippa; this has been beautifully noticed by one of the most nervous of our modern poets—Ebenezer Elliott, of Sheffield—in his spirited lines to Audubon, the American ornithologist, thus—

"Painting is silent music," so said one
Whose prose is sweetest painting.

he shall concentrate the main interest which is to make the picture tell its own story—and all this his mind has painted before his pencil has drawn one line. As he proceeds to transfer the picture from his mind to the canvas, improvements naturally suggest themselves, for imagination is very fertile, and he continues adding grace to grace, and charm to charm, until the world sees one of the glorious works which may challenge admiration from the present and the coming time. In like manner does the Poet labour. He does not so much sit down to think what he shall write, as to write what he has thought. His plot, his adventures, his passions, his sentiments, his scenery have passed through his mind before he writes, and composition developes the combined results of his previous meditation; for poetry is, in sooth, to put the best thoughts into the best language. As he proceeds, his fancy often takes a loftier flight—thought creates thought—fresh illustrations rapidly arise—imagination soars heavenward on swift and

strong pinions—judgment corrects, and taste refines the whole, but the gem of the poem (often the greater portion) is in the mind before it has been written on the paper! Da Vinci and Titian execute their poems by colour and form, as Dante and Petrarca made their paintings by language and harmony. These artists—be they poets or painters—resemble travellers to some hallowed shrine, which they reach at the same time by different but nearly parallel paths."

"Your ingenuity has reconciled the apparent anomaly, Signore Carloni," said Amicia, with a smile, "but you are such a casuist as to make Fiction herself appear to wear the robes of Truth. I am glad, however, that this painter-poet, with a heart of marble and a pencil of magic—this genius, so enthusiastic, yet so self-possessed—he who either never loved or loves, as the violet lives, in concealment—I am glad that he is not *all* artist. Beatrice could tell you how we knew a painter once, (it was years ago, but the impressions

of childhood are not readily forgotten), who could talk of nothing but his pictures and himself, himself and his pictures, until, in very weariness, every one wished his tongue like his pencil."

"Why?"

"Oh!" she said, with an arch look, "*because his pictures said nothing!* They had no voice for the heart—they were cold, and dull, and staring. But I am weary of this sage and serious speaking! Reach me that theorbo, Signore, and I shall try and sing you the air I promised you yesterday. You think me, at best, but a thoughtless girl, so listen to the praise of Folly. It was sung beneath my window, the other evening, by some of the Carnival masquers, and the words and the air are readily remembered—rather than better things." And then, with a voice of more sweetness than compass, and in a manner of which expression was the charm, the merry maiden sang the following:—

WISDOM AND FOLLY.

Which is the better—tell me, pray!
  Old Wisdom, with his frown of scorning,
Or Lady Folly, young and gay,
  As is a summer's sunny morning?
    One dark as Night;
    The other bright,
  As joy o'er Beauty's features flashing—
    One calm and cold;
    The other, bold
  As a swift river, seaward dashing!
Let sober elves read Wisdom's book,
  Until its poppy pages tire them;
While Folly prompts me still to look
  On Youth and Beauty—to admire them!

Which is the happier?—doubt it not,
  The light from Wisdom's palace streaming
Smiles not upon a happier lot
  Than that from Folly's cottage beaming.
    For learned lore
    And golden store
  Oppress the heart and dull its spirit;
    Best gem of earth
    Is bright-eyed Mirth—
  The wealth which Folly's heirs inherit!
But would the spheres in gladness roll,
  Oh, bring the maid and sage together—
Let Folly read *his* antique scroll,
  And Wisdom wear *her* cap and feather!

After this song, the current of discourse flowed into various channels. But the wonted spirits of Amicia flagged, and it was her cousin and Agrippa who sustained the conversation. Wiled out of a reserve and taciturnity to which habit, as well as temperament had accustomed each of them, they spoke well—as those do who speak without effort. How delightful thus to speak and listen, when the aspirations of the heart find a voice; when, tinged with the glow of feeling, the enthusiasm of truth, and the delicate imaginings of thought, the poetry of life is thus partaken by Beauty and Youth! Happy are such hours—but perilous as happy, for then, (subdued by the "dangerous softness" of the time and place), the heart becomes all sentient, and thoughts are born, and hopes are nurtured, which eternity cannot annul. *Then*, should the words of love be whispered, for then is the soul attuned for love!

If the truth be told, that *was* a dangerous hour for Beatrice. That evening, when Agrip-

pa's eye was eloquent as his lips, she first became gently conscious of the real state of her feelings regarding him. In his absence, she found herself *distraite* and dull. The books she loved to read had lost the power to fix her attention—her wonted occupations were unable to chain her wandering thoughts—but his presence seemed to breathe a new and passionate being into her. By a secret, but strong attraction, she found her thoughts unconsciously linked with his. It was as delicate a chain as ever Fancy forged for Love—a chain, light as the filmy thread of the gossamer, and just as invisible, but strong and binding upon the heart as are steel fetters on the captive's limbs!

When Amicia once more joined in the conversation, the spell that wiled Beatrice was broken. A little later, they separated. On their pillows, that night, both of them mused upon what they had heard and said—upon thoughts which had been the talisman of feeling—upon looks which spoke, even in their

very silence. Talk of the uneasy pillow of guilt—it may have a deeper, but it cannot have a more restless pain than that of love, yet scarcely self-confessed, when the memory and fancy are alike tortured for auxiliaries to strengthen hope, and feed the springs of passion.

As the cousins sat together, a day or two after, talking—as ladies often will talk—upon trifling topics, the time hung heavily, despite their every effort to beguile it. Beatrice was the first to feel that it did, for, at the moment, her own thoughts were not so much pre-occupied as her cousin's were. She perceived, too, —for similarity of situation makes people very keen-sighted—that Amicia was unusually grave, and half suspected the cause, though not the object.

"You have lost your mirth, sweet cousin; why are you sad and silent? If Titian could but paint you now, for what a mournful Magdalen would the portrait pass, except that your heart has nothing to repent of. Your bloom

has fled—ah! it came again in that quick blush just now. See, little Mischief! how you tangle my silks—and now you are tearing that harmless rose to pieces—the flower, too, that Signore Carloni's skill has made blush into beauty in this dreary wintry time? What! not tell *me*, dearest? Think'st I cannot read the riddle?—not know what steals the bloom from the cheek, the smile from the lips, and lustre from the eyes. Is it not Love, Amicia?"

Their eyes met—the beautiful one twined her arms round her cousin's neck. A little pause—tears in those beautiful eyes, like dew upon the violets—a gentle whisper, low and soft as the gliding murmur of a quiet rill. And then came a disclaimer of love, but a blushing confession of curiosity. "I feared that you would think me very foolish, dear Beatrice; but ever since that evening when Signore Carloni spoke to us about Titian, my thoughts have wandered from their accustomed courses and turned upon him—nay, not upon Carloni, so do not be jealous (ah, I see that others can blush as well as I)

and—and—indeed, Beatrice, I long to see him. I long to know if he be what my fancy has drawn him. Could you not devise some plan by which, ourselves unknown, we might speak with him and behold the wonders of his art?"

Beatrice, being the elder, had a little more discretion than Amicia, and endeavoured to dissuade her from this inclination. But Amicia again reminded her how Carloni had told them that many of the Venetian ladies had visited Titian's *studio*, and indeed Beatrice was herself rather disposed to see him, and so—it was agreed that the cousins should indulge their curiosity. The next point was to consider how they might best do this.

They confided their purpose to Amicia's tirewoman, who had no idea of romance, but some taste for mischief, mystery, and intrigue. Born in the Lido San Nicolo, some three-and-twenty years before, Angiola (for this was her name) had not lived as attendant upon half a dozen Venetian ladies, or coquetted with twice as many lovers, for nothing. Yet, as matters

were in Venice, she was as innocent as could be expected—for a *soubrette.* Yet it was clear, from the delight with which she suggested and arranged the details of the little plot now entrusted to her discretion, that she was no novice in secrets less harmless than the gratification of a curiosity more natural than discreet.

Angiola engaged Luigi (one of her numerous lovers, and the best rower on the canals) for the following afternoon, at which time there would be little chance of meeting any one while on their little excursion, as "the fashionable world" at Venice kept within doors until sunset, when the Piazza was lighted up. She also undertook to provide masks, the use of which was permitted—especially to females—long black cloaks to hide the figures of her mistresses, and thick veils with which they might cover their faces whenever they pleased to dispense with the masks. With all these "means and appliances to boot," and a pretty confident reliance on Angiola's discretion, the cousins

thought that they might venture to pay a visit —themselves unknown—to the great Painter.

Certainly, Eve *has* much to answer for! That fatal legacy of hers—Curiosity, has caused much mischief in this world of ours, during the six thousand years that have passed since the expulsion from Eden. If there be anything to be seen, any secret to be unveiled, any mystery to be developed, Woman *will* have a peep behind the curtain. Experience tells one thing, however, which those who argue in a circle have forgotten or suppressed—to wit, that Man is, at least, as much the victim of this desire to know everything, from the greatest to the most trifling, as ever his fair helpmate was. With *him*, it takes the imposing titles of "a fine spirit of inquiry—a noble genius for investigation—a strong thirst for knowledge!" "Philosophy, with spectacles on nose," is but the very essence of that curiosity which is sneered at when Woman exercises it on trifles. When Galileo first pointed his telescope at the starry

heavens, curiosity was the motive power, and so of all the researches and results which have exercised the ingenuity of man. The only difference appears to be, that Woman uses the faculty on "trifles light as air," while Man is a wholesale dealer in it! Curiosity!—but for it where would have been the utilities, the comforts, the luxuries of social life? The wonders of discovery spring from this source, the miracles of improvement. Very praiseworthy, therefore, should we esteem the female professors of this great science, and, so far from railing at them, only lament that they will try it upon minute things, when they might apply it to the greatest. Let us never again hear a contemptuous word of the heir-loom of the sex —Argus-eyed Curiosity!

CHAPTER II.

THE PAINTER AND HIS VISITORS.

> Books are there,
> Pictures, and casts from all those statues fair
> Which were twin-born with poetry.
>
> SHELLEY.

It was a clear and sunny day, early in January, when Titian (lingering upon more "last touches" to a portrait of the voluptuous beauty who, as the mistress of Signore Barberigo, completely ruled that noble), was about laying aside his pencil in good earnest. But he had been about doing this for the last hour, and still he found something to be done—some additional effect to be produced. A gentle

knock at the half-open portal made him pause, before he could determine whether it were indeed at *his* door, so low and undecided was the sound: two females crossed his threshold, and paused a little by the door. Expecting them to come forward and declare their business with him, the Painter neither moved nor spoke. A very sweet voice—soft, gentle, and low as Cordelia's—said "Signore Pittore, is silence the greeting that you always give to Woman?"

The address was rather abrupt, but there was more of raillery than reproach in the manner of its delivery, and, making a gay apology for his seeming want of courtesy, Titian invited his stranger-visitors to do honour to his dwelling, by taking seats, and awaited their further commands with some slight anxiety, for which the imaginative will be at no loss to account.

But the ladies' courage, which only a minute before had challenged a retort from the Painter, had evaporated in the few words which

one of them had spoken: there was a delay—a murmur of consultation — a whisper of mutual doubt and encouragement—a smile of returning confidence—and, at last, they sat down. The Painter's curiosity was not gratified by their nearer approach, for their long cloaks effectually concealed their forms, and the thick veils they wore as completely hid their features. As they continued silent, he had again to demand in what manner he could serve them, and then the same lady who had addressed him before, briefly said that having heard much of his fame, they had desired to see him, in order to engage a portrait from his hand. He expressed his full sense of the honour they were rendering him, and then, after a few such compliments of course, turned to resume the instruments of his art, and place a blank panel on his easel.

The painter's *studio* was a large and lofty room, silent as if there were no world outside its walls. The effulgence of the afternoon sunshine came, with a chastened glow, through

a tall window (the only one left undarkened, in order to command the necessary light and shadow) and gave that "dim, religious light," cathedral-like, which poets and painters alike love. Every where, that chamber bore the marks of mind in its careless adornment—its graceful non-arrangement. Titian's tastes were all luxurious, and even magnificent. One of his first steps, as soon as success had placed the means at his command, was to abandon the apartments he occupied by favour of Barberigo, and purchase a large house in the street called Lovera, the east façade of which adjoined the Arsenale, with a spacious court on the west. Here he had taken up his abode, and here he had fitted up a suite of rooms, richly furnished, in which he painted. The saloon in which the ladies found him was one of these.

And truly, even to these high-born maidens, who, from earliest childhood had been habituated to splendour, the apartment appeared singularly attractive. A large mirror, reflecting

the images around, seemed like a glorious picture. On the marble table stood a vase (the costly Venetian glass, inlaid with golden lines and figures) full of flowers, whose fragrance breathed faint perfume all around. By its side were books—one, which lay open, was the Decameron of Boccaccio, but alas! no record remains to inform us whether it was the Valdarfar edition of 1471, a single copy of which, only a few years ago, was sold in England for twenty times its weight of gold. A silver cup (beautifully chased, after designs by Michael Angelo, while yet a student at Florence under Domenico Ghirlandaio), stood beside the volume, and from the liquid ruby which yet sparkled in the tall flask before it, there was presumptive evidence that the artist was no ascetic. In one corner of the room stood a cabinet, curiously painted and gilt in the eastern fashion, and upon it lay his crimson cap of velvet, with its overshadowing plume of white. On the ground were a mandolin, a

mask, a Turkish sabre (with those waving lines of blue across the curved blade which stamp its value), the handle fancifully carved into the figure of a crocodile's head, with emerald eyes.

Casts of arms, feet, hands and heads were scattered around—some on the tables, some on the floor, and many suspended against the walls. There, too,

> Like things of immortality
> Stood statues, in their master's soul enshrined.

In that bright confusion there was a picturesque contrast and harmony the reverse of unpleasing. A lady's silken glove, such as a true knight might bear on his helm as a *gage d'amour*, lay beside a gauntlet of mail, seemingly fitted for the hand that would defend that soft token to the death. A shield, dinted by many a battle, rested by one of those Indian fans, made of bright-hued feathers, which the fair dames of Venice were accustomed

to use when their cheeks grew warm from the sunny air, or the blush of passion, or the flush of jealousy. The light gleamed on a bright cuirass of steel, from which hung the gay jacket of a gondolier,—

> And on the ample walls around, there lay
> Paintings, the poesy of mightiest thought,

from the formal drawing and laboured execution of the Greek school (the colours strangely contrasting with the golden ground which threw the designs into relief) to the bolder and more brilliant effects of the Venetian pencil. In a recess was a lay figure, negligently covered by a mantle of the rich velvet of Genoa, embroidered in gold—in sooth, the state robe of the Chancellor Franceschi, who was then sitting to Titian for his portrait. There stood close by it a full suit of flexible chain armour, with a modern arquebuse resting against it.

The portrait of Signore Barberigo's beautiful mistress still remained upon the easel. The light fell gently upon it, touching, with exquisite effect, the bright tresses that shaded the fair brow, the blooming cheek of peach, the pouting lips of rose. In fine relief to the brilliancy of that limned loveliness, and the other accessories which we have mentioned rather than described, were the lady-visitors, in their sombre cloaks, with their features still covered by the veils. At that moment, with its picturesque confusion, and the peculiar play of the light upon pictures, armour, sculpture, ornaments, furniture, and figures, that *studio* was what Rembrandt would have loved to paint, in it was developed the *chiar' oscuro* so admirably.

To Titian's visitors—in whom, long since, the reader must have recognized Beatrice and Amicia de Orsino—such a scene was as delightful as new. It seemed to them as if they had suddenly stepped from the world of cold reality into another, where Imagination was

the presiding deity. It was a pleasing curiosity with which they rapidly viewed the apartment, and then turned to glance at its occupant—perhaps, one of them had chiefly looked at *him.*

While he was adjusting the panel or the canvas on which he was about to paint, they had full opportunity of noticing his appearance. It would have been difficult, from among the *élite* of the Venetian noblesse, to select a cavalier of more manly bearing, courtly manners, and personal advantages than Titian. He was now in the early summer of manhood, the glow of rich maturity was on his cheek, and the consciousness of success gave a gay freedom to his glance and air. Early habituated to the freedom of a mountain life, he had often been won back to his "home of hills," from the closer air and petty vexations of the city. Thus were counteracted, in a great degree, the enervating effects of close attention to his art, and the corroding cares of prolonged disappointment. Thus, too, while

the springs of health were invigorated, he constantly saw Nature in her countless forms of loveliness—those variations of beauty which fixed their undying memory in his heart, and inspired his pencil. His features were regular, rather than strikingly handsome. The expression of his eyes was decidedly gentle, but there was a haughtiness about his lips, which, in their compression, gave an idea of energy and firmness. His forehead—the throne of thought—was broad, and full rather than lofty. His hair was dark, and, according to the graceful fashion of the time, was arranged in falls of thick curls, such as, more than a century later, were imitated by art. His dress might have rendered him liable to the imputation of personal vanity—for its materials were rich, and its arrangement and fashion were tasteful: it was well calculated to display to all advantage a stature above the ordinary height, and a figure which, strong but not robust, possessed elegance and grace. It must

be admitted, indeed—in a confidential whisper, of course—that at this time, even in the first flush of his better fortunes, the great Painter had been suspected of being nearly as proud of his person as his pencil! Richly attired, surrounded with the elegances which friendship had bestowed, and wealth provided, Tiziano Vecelli appeared more like a high-born cavalier, than the follower of an art whose labours are many, whose honours are painfully won, and whose rewards are too scanty.

His arrangements completed—they did not occupy more than a few minutes—Titian turned round to address his visitors. Admiration kept him mute for a short space.

The fair maidens had thrown back their cloaks, and Amicia was just in the act of withdrawing her veil, when Titian first beheld her face. She stood before him in the pride of luxuriant loveliness—a loveliness which, while it could not be ignorant of its own beau-

tiful existence, was all unconscious of the great extent of its power. Her tresses—dark as the ebon night; her brow—clear as a white cloud in a summer sky; her cheek—its transparent bloom rivalling the soft glow of the rosy evening; her hands—small and sculpturally fair; her eyes so "softly, darkly, beautifully blue;"—these are charms in which, to Titian, all eye for whatever was most lovely, there was an entrancing spell, as he gazed on this young and innocent girl, fair as the best and brightest dream his imagination ever fancied. His own pencil has given a limned reflection of that exquisite beauty, which yet, though more than three centuries have elapsed, literally dazzles the sight, but, if words could describe it, none more adequate than the lines of Shelley,—

A lovely lady garmented in light
  From her own beauty—deep her eyes, as are
Two openings of unfathomable night
  Seen through a tempest's cloven roof—her hair
Dark—the dim brain whirls dizzy with delight
  Picturing her form! her soft smiles shone afar,
And her low voice was heard like love.

Having, in a previous chapter, described the beauty of Amicia, or, rather the character of that beauty, for to describe womanly loveliness is as difficult as to paint a sunbeam—it need only be added, that her unadorned but most becoming dress suited her charms well, as it did not overpower them, and made her appear what Horace has so untranslateably expressed in the two words, "simplex munditiis." As Titian gazed upon her, until her blush told him that, in courtesy, he might gaze no longer, he sighed at the sad and sudden thought that she must be to him but as one of the beautiful birds, from a distant clime, which on swift pinions sometimes rush by the mariner, far out on the lonely sea, and are never heard of more!

After a few words, which appeared to re-assure her, he led Amicia to a seat more elevated than the others, and then commenced her portrait. While he was sketching the outlines, he gradually beguiled the ladies into con-

versation.—Let me be a true historian. It was Beatrice who chiefly spoke with him. Amicia's words were few—she loved to be a listener now. But there is a sort of silence, which, however, anomalous the assertion, is the reverse of voiceless. I know not how to describe it, but its effect was such in this instance, that, in after-years, when relating the circumstances of this first interview, (and he loved to recal the past, when time had tinged his flowing locks with grey) Titian used to doubt whether Amicia *could* indeed have then been silent—for he felt that her unfathomable eyes were eloquent to him!

The love, or rather the *liking* which expands into the love of woman, scarcely ventures to trust itself with words, when it first flutters into being, for fear that they should betray it. Enough to see the object of this new and thrilling interest—to drink in the music of the voice—to bask in the sunshine of his smile—to watch the varying expression of his every

glance. Love, which is a magician in its maturity, is an alchemist in its youth—for it changes all it touches into priceless worth. To others, the voice may be harsh, the form faulty, the features plain, and the eye without expression—but budding affection, looking at its object through imagination's glass—beholds not so much what *is* as what it *wishes* to be.

Sheridan was wont to say that his mental faculties were always brighter in the company of woman. Something of a similar influence appeared to have actuated Titian. Scarcely knowing why—save that it seemed to please his gentle visitors—he talked with them upon his Art, and this deviation from his natural reserve as much surprised himself as it evidently gratified them. The result was that, short and sudden as was their acquaintance, they speedily found themselves not only listening to him with interest, but even taking part in the conversation. The subject was a suggestive one,

and they were not more anxious to mark the Painter speak upon the pursuit in which he so well succeeded, than was he to indulge them with the information they required and appeared delighted to receive.

CHAPTER III.

THE CICERONE.

Oh! sovereign masters of the pencil's might
Its depth of shadow and its blaze of light;
Ye, whose bold thought, disdaining every bound,
Explored the worlds above, below, around,
Children of Italy! who stand alone
And unapproached, 'midst regions all your own;
What scenes, what beings blest your favor'd sight,
Severely grand, unutterably bright!
Triumphant spirits! your exulting eye
Could meet the noontide of eternity,
And gaze untired, undaunted, uncontrolled,
On all that Fancy trembles to behold.

MRS. HEMANS.

"You are the Columbus of a new world for us, Signore," said Beatrice. "You invest painting and sculpture with an interest which, with all their beauty, they never had before;

you tell us such of the miracles which art has wrought, that did we not know what your own hand has done, we might fancy you were describing impossibilities. Greatly are we your debtors for the kindness with which you have gratified our curiosity."

"Call it not so," said the Painter, "it is the desire of knowledge, and so far from meriting thanks for what I have told you, the courtesy is yours to listen. It is the privilege of our art to perpetuate the resemblance of Beauty—and it should be our delight and duty to obey her least behest."

"Nay, Signore, I must be silent if you shower compliments upon us. But we would still farther tax your kindness and avail ourselves of the privilege of hearing more about art from one who has mastered all her difficulties, and won her greatest honours."

The Painter, thus addressed, laid aside pencil and pallet and proceeded to act in his new capacity of *cicerone*.

They stood before a cast of that statue

"which enchants the world," and is known as the Venus de Medicis, the present gem of the Tribune at Florence. "This," said Titian, "is a cast from that statue of Venus which was lately discovered in the Villa Adriana, at Tivoli, and is supposed to be the very statue mentioned by Pliny as having stood within the forum of Octavius. It is doubtful what sculptor created it—for it *is* a creation. An inscription on its base tells that Cleomenes, an Athenian, was the artist—but some few ascribe it to Praxiteles."

Being free from that affectation of prudery which generally indicates the want rather than the presence of propriety, they did not hesitate to look at this exquisite model of feminine grace. At last, Beatrice exclaimed, "How beautiful! This, then, is the poetic resemblance of Aphrodite?"

"Rather say," said he, "that here *is* the Goddess herself—lovely as the glad image of a poet's dream—graceful as a maiden in the world's golden prime? It is no wonder, lady,

if in the older time, when the mind could conceive and the skilful hand execute such perfection—when such was the form of living beauty (for this is but the poetic image of womanly loveliness, as it then beamed and breathed), such a statue should be enshrined, not merely as the image of Divinity, but as itself a thing almost Divine! It was the genius which had thus translated the beauty of Nature into the marble, that was reverenced in its work. Yet my own art has rivalled it. From the hand of Apelles sprung an image of this glorious beauty, as exquisite in its kind—a picture, which being left incomplete by him, no painter dared venture to finish.

"Here," he continued, leading to a small ante-room in which stood the cast of a single figure, "here, I have placed the Apollo Pythius—the deliverer from evil—the original of which was dug up about ten years ago, in the ruins of ancient Antium. It was purchased by Julius de Rovigo, who, since his elevation to the tiara, has placed it in the Belvidere

Gallery in the Vatican. We know not whose chisel executed it: by some it is believed to be as ancient as the time of Alexander, but Michael Angelo Buonarotti, (a living sculptor, full of the best spirit of his art, who restored an arm and hand which were wanting), has declared that the statue is of Italian marble, so that, although the artist was probably Greek, it must have been executed in Italy, and not earlier than the Empire. Were I to hazard an opinion, I would call it a faithful copy of some great master-piece of Grecian art—perhaps that Apollo Alexicacus, by Calamis, which is mentioned with high praise by Pausanias. But it matters not by whom or at what time executed. It is the Day-God—life, youth, energy, and triumph. It is the mortal made immortal, the Delian Apollo, golden haired, silver-bowed, and light-producing, as the Greek poets hymned him.—But I weary you?"

"Not so, indeed," replied Beatrice with earnestness. "We love to learn about these

art-wonders by which poetry is made palpable, nor can we desire a better instructor than yourself." Meanwhile, Amicia continued silent, but her glance told that she agreed with her cousin, and thus encouraged, Titian continued:

"This is a cast from the statue called the Dying Gladiator—the right arm was restored by Michael Angelo. If it be not the very statue named by Pliny as the work of Ctesilaus, the rival of Phidias, it is, at least, an admirable copy. These casts and the sculptures which you see around belong to my most excellent patron, the Signore Barberigo, who has often pressed me to accept them as a gift—worthy, indeed, the munificence of a prince—and on my last refusal had them all conveyed hither, during my recent absence with him on a brief visit to Padua. Ever kind, and the stay of my failing hope in obscurity, he seeks for occasions to serve me. One of his latest gifts, was this scroll containing drawings of the Laocoon, a group discovered a short time ago in the ruins of the baths of Titus, at Rome. The

Rhodian sculptors—Agesander and his two sons—whose masterpiece this is, have made a noble image of mortal agony and immortal love, at once blended and contending. If these drawings truly represent the group, there is nothing more pathetic in sculpture, than the deep serenity of the father's brow,—the expression is perfect, for it shews a mind which has not yielded to the mortal pang, a sublime courage unconquered to the last.* I should much desire to visit Rome, were it only to contemplate a group which proves how art

* It appears, however, from a statement in the French papers, (professedly contained in a letter from M. Valmore, an artist at Brussels, and copied into the *Literary Gazette* and the *Athenæum* of February, 13th, 1841,) that the original head of the Laocoon—after many travels—is in the gallery of the Duc d'Aremberg, at Brussels. The groupe, when discovered in Italy, wanted the head of the father and an arm of one of the sons. The head was supplied by a celebrated artist, who copied it from an antique bas-relief. Some time after, the original was found by some Venetian connoisseurs, and was ultimately sold to the grandfather of the Duc for about 160,000 francs, and brought to Brussels. Napoleon offered its weight in gold for it. This was refused, and the head sent to Dresden, for safety, where it

can sometimes surpass the pathos of written poetry.

"Upon this side," he said, addressing himself to Amicia, wishing to win her from silence, and perceiving her attention arrested by a beautiful group, somewhat smaller than life size, "Upon this side, I have placed a few specimens of modern sculpture. You are now beholding Cupid and Psyche, just after the mortal, purified by many trials, has been made immortal. The butterfly, which she holds between her fingers, represents the state of exaltation from the grosser to the purer element—the transition of the soul from its brief visit here, to its everlasting abode hereafter. This is executed, as you see, in marble from Carrara—the sculptor is Il Buona, who built the Campanile in the twelfth century."

remained for ten years, but was brought back to Brussels when Belgium became tranquil. M. Valmore says "It expresses, in the highest and most admirable degree, moral grief mingled with physical pain." He adds "A cast of the head, now on the statue, is placed by the side of the original, and the vast difference between the two is at once evident."

"But look!" exclaimed Beatrice, as she saw the cast of a female bust of great beauty, "How very lovely! Surely this spiritual and melancholy face is not modern?"

"It is only natural to mistake it for Grecian, as you have done, Signora. Indeed, it is in one sense, for the original is from the chisel of Apollonius, a Greek who was employed in Venice, when Andrea Taffi, the rival of Cimabue, came hither from Florence. It represents the mournful beauty of a Magdalen. But," he added, turning again to Amicia, "is there nothing here to interest *your* curiosity, or excite your admiration? Ah, I see your eyes fixed upon that graceful Madonna; it is a copy from one, by Giovanni Pisano, in the Cathedral of Orvietto."

Thus appealed to, weary of her taciturnity, and placed entirely at ease by the friendly, yet respectful manners of the painter, Amicia

> Of her own gentle voice afraid,
> So long had she in silence stood,

said

"Is it known, Signore, how arose an art which thus makes and multiplies the beautiful?"

"We can trace the progress," said Titian, "but it is not easy to ascertain the origin of any of the imitative arts. Yet there are traditions which I have ever loved to think on as probable, feeling that if they are not true, they deserve to be. One of these attributes, the discovery of sculpture in Greece, to Calirrhoe, daughter of Dibutades, the Sicyonian potter, who lived at Corinth. Her lover was called to the wars, and they met on the eve of his departure, once more to exchange vows of constancy. Even in those precious hours, the youth fell asleep, overpowered by the labours of warlike preparation. The maiden watched his slumbers, and noted that his profile was strongly shadowed on the wall, by the dim light of the lamp. She snatched up a piece of charcoal and, love-inspired, traced the outline with such success, that her father was afterwards enabled to deepen the space within the lines, and make a

clay model from it. This, the first essay of the art, remained in the public treasury, at Corinth, until the disastrous day when Mummius Achaius spoiled the city. Such is the origin of sculpture in Greece, as related by Pliny."*

"Surely," said Amicia, "the art which can thus preserve the likeness of those whom the heart cherishes, is a treasure snatched by Love from immortality."

Her cheek mantled as she spoke, and Titian thought he had never before seen any face more lovely than hers, thus lighted by emotion.

"It is a beautiful tradition," said Beatrice, "whether it be truth, or fable. But, Signore, you have not yet shown us what your own art has produced."

* Pliny Nat. Hist. lib. xxxv, 12, 43. Athenagoras (Leg. pro. Christ. 14, p. 57), says that the maiden's name was CORE, but does not give his authority. Yet, in such a case, one might ask, "What's in a name?" The legend has frequently been treated by poets and painters, and is, undoubtedly, a very graceful one.

The Painter admitted that this was a fair challenge.

"My collection is so small as to be rather curious than valuable, but Signore Barberigo's aim was to show the progress of painting in Italy, since its revival by Cimabue. This picture upon which the light falls so well, represents Venus and Adonis, and is from the hand of that artist. It has the principal beauties and defects of his execution. The distribution of shade is the reverse of harmonious—the colouring is cold—of linear or ærial perspective there is little—but the whole style is imbued with the grandeur of a master, the drawing is excellent, the expression natural, the grouping graceful, and the draperies well disposed. Considering the obscurity which clouded the art when Cimabue devoted himself to it, there is something wonderful in his performances. One of the dreams of my childhood was to imagine that glorious day when his picture of the Virgin was borne in procession as a hallowed thing, amid the solemnities

of religion, to be placed in the Church of Santa Maria Novella—when the triumphal car that bore it was accompanied by thronging thousands of the Florentines—when it was followed by the nobles of the city, at the head of whom was the Painter, crowned with laurels, and supporting his aged father, who, in that proud moment, rejoiced in the knowledge that the nobility of Genius which his son had so fully manifested, far excelled his nobility of rank, derived from his ancient blood as one of the family of the Gondi, then amongst the most illustrious in Florence. It was by thinking on such triumphs, that my own ambition was early awakened. Surely such triumphs are worth striving for! But it would weary you to describe these other paintings, one by one. This is by Giotto, the friend of Dante, who has named him in the Purgatorio, as having eclipsed Cimabue his master, whose kindness much assisted him to rise from the condition of a shepherd's boy. It is a curious question whether the poet-sire of Italy borrowed from

the fresco paintings by Giotto, in the cemetery at Pisa, or whether the painter took his idea from the poetry. It is recorded, that as Dante one day viewed the picture of Saint Francesco, he said,

"'I see, Giotto, that you will win immortality.'

"The painter responded—

"'Yes, if you allow me to take *your* portrait.'

"It is to this that we owe the only likeness of Dante, which remains—if, indeed any other were ever taken—and to this, also, Giotto may be indebted for having his name enshrined in the deathless verse of him who was to poetry, in Italy, what Cimabue was to painting."

With such various discourse did Titian endeavour to amuse his fair visitors. His gentle auditors expressed their delight at the instructions he thus afforded them, but it is not necessary to repeat all that he said. We venture, however, to give one anecdote, because it especially gratified those who heard it. As

they paused before one of the paintings which represented a Holy Family—in which the face of the Madonna was beautiful as if Raphael had breathed into that heavenly loveliness which none can have equalled—and viewed it with admiration too deep for words.

Titian said that the picture, beautiful as it was, was valuable in his eyes as much for the associations connected with the painter's fortunes, as for its intrinsic merits. It was from the pencil of Il Zingaro, who was perfectly master of expression, and the circumstances which first made him an artist were so romantic, as almost to baffle belief, if it were not well ascertained that every particular was true. If they would permit him he would relate the story.

They gladly consented, and insisting that they should be seated while he spoke, he commenced the anecdote.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FORTUNES OF "IL ZINGARO."

The young Italian was not of the clay,
That doth to dust one ong allegiance pay.
No ; he was tempered with that finer flame.
Which ancient fables say from Heaven came ;
The sunshine of the soul which fills the earth.
With beauty borrowed from its place of birth.
Hence has the lute its song, the scroll its line ;
Hence stands the statue glorious as its shrine ;
Hence the fair picture, kings are fain to win,
The mind's creations from the world within.

L. E. L.

"NEARLY a hundred years ago, this was painted in Venice by Antonio Solario, better known as '*Il Zingaro.*' As the name implies, he originally was a gipsy. Tradition has reported him a native of Chieti, in the

Abruzzi; but it is now believed that he first drew breath in Venice. He had been brought up to the mean art of a tinman, and in that capacity obtained his living at Naples.

"In that city, at that time, by far the most eminent painter was the well known Colantonio del Fiore, a man of great wealth, and noble blood, who pursued the art from an enthusiastic love for it, for had he pleased, he might have filled as high offices in the State as did his ancestors. He was one of the first to adopt the use of oil, which John of Bruges had re-discovered, and to this day the softness of his tints, and the harmony of his colours never fail to win admiration from all who behold the many master-pieces of art with which he has enriched Naples. It is doubtful whether, at the present time, when art has made such onward movements, we have anything superior in its way, to his painting of St. Jerome taking a thorn out of a lion's paw—a picture which the Neapolitans shew with great pride, as combining the Flemish management of

details, with our Italian force of colouring.

"Rich in genius—in fame—in the world's wealth, Colantonio possessed a treasure which he prized even more than genius, fame, or wealth—this was his only child—a daughter; more beautiful, it was whispered, than any form of loveliness which even *his* pencil, creative as it was, had produced. They tell us of the jealous care with which a Spaniard guards the daughter of his house from casual observation, but no vigilance could surpass that exercised by Colantonio as respected his fair Claudia. It was his boast that no man's eye but his own had beheld her beauty, and that her charms should never be unveiled until her bridal day.

"The report of that loveliness, however, spread through Naples, and many a cavalier tried stratagems to obtain a view of it. They were all in vain, for her father thought his honour concerned in foiling each attempt, and cloistered nun never lived in more complete

seclusion, than did the young and beautiful Claudia del Fiore.

"Among those who had heard of the maiden, was Antonio Solario, the Zingaro. While exercising his mean employment, he obtained admission into Colantonio's house, and being then in his eighteenth year, full of life and spirit — rich in a joyful temperament which accommodated itself to whatever society he was placed among—remarkable for a readiness of reply, and a sharpness of wit which ever drew smiles from his audience, and, above all, fortunate in possessing personal advantages of lofty stature, graceful form, and eminently handsome features, it is not wonderful that, being admitted into Colantonio's dwelling, in the exercise of his humble handicraft, he succeeded in attracting the attention, and winning the favour of all the domestics. Still he had not been so fortunate as to obtain a view of their young mistress. He was so agreeable a companion that he was frequently summoned to the house when there was only nominal

occasion for his services. It once happened that they were all so much engrossed by the Zingaro, and the merriment he was creating for their amusement, that the repeated summons from their youthful mistress was all unheeded. Curious to know the cause of this unwonted neglect, Claudia descended from her own apartment to the room in which Antonio Solario was affording entertainment by singing one of the most popular airs of that time. She retired behind one of the pillars until the song was concluded, and had ample opportunity to notice him. She saw how much better than his fortunes were his looks: how nature had stamped on face, form, and manners those marks which denoted that he drew his nobility direct from God! Tear herself from the spot she could not—there seemed some spell which detained her there, a spectator of Il Zingaro's various and successful attempts, with song, and jest, and story, to scatter happiness around him; she could not choose but listen, and, at last, when he had concluded, she stealthily re-

tired, fancying herself unseen, and bearing with her to her chamber a lively impression of the stranger. He, however, had noticed her from the moment she entered the hall, and was smitten by the loveliness which so far exceeded all that rumour had reported. That moment sealed his fate.

"Hurried on by resistless passion, Solario forgot the difference between Claudia's rank and his own lowliness, (for love, like death, is a mighty leveller), forgot that, as she was wealthy and he was penniless, the very motive of his affection might be mistaken or maligned—forgot that he had no pretensions, except that love which equalizes all worldly distinctions—in a word, forgot all, except that she was very beautiful.

"Passion, it is said, will find not only an utterance, but the opportunity for it. From the day on which Antonio Solario first saw Colantonio's daughter, he might be said to follow her like a shadow. At night, she knew *his* voice among the many serenaders who might be

said to besiege her dwelling; and, whether at matin prime or the soft vesper hour, she attended public worship in the cathedral, be sure that there was one ever at hand, to watch her every motion, and to glance the admiration which, as yet, his lips had not ventured to avow.

"Humble devotion such as from one who, like herself, was young and handsome, made its way in time into the heart of Claudia. She had learned the lowliness of his condition, coupled with the thousand conjectures arising from the evident superiority of his manners and appearance, that, if he pleased, he might shine out as gallantly as any noble in Naples, and ruffle it on equal terms of rank and wealth with any cavalier at court. There came, too, coupled with such conjectures, a variety of rumours, more true, that some of the fairest dames of Naples had not thought it beneath them to sue for intimate acquaintance with the handsome Zingaro, and that, from some cause unknown, he had latterly turned a deaf ear to their solicitations.

"I know not how such statements may have influenced the fair Claudia; or whether, like Solario, she had yielded her heart at the first look; or whether the citadel surrendered after a long siege; but it is certain that Antonio Solario contrived, more than once, to obtain an interview with her—had ventured to make the avowal of his love—had made it with less of hope than of despair, and that a soft confession, rather sighed than spoken, was the reply which then imparadised the world to him. The gentle acknowledgment of love which breathed vitality into his own—that delicious whisper which made hope a tangible and material thing—that fond kiss which sealed the cherished avowal, placed him far above the pressure of all worldly circumstance. True, he was lowly in birth and debased in station, but what cared he, rich in the wealth of that young maiden's love?

"But there is ever an impediment to the current of such deep passion as theirs—the deeper and the stronger for its being a secret to all but themselves. It soon came to Colantonio's

knowledge, that his daughter, notwithstanding all his care, had contrived not only to be seen but loved. He marked his time, and surprised the lovers together. He was a proud man, but well knew how to govern himself. He spoke to Claudia's attendant, who was present, and told her that from her vigilance he had expected much, but it grieved him to find his confidence betrayed. 'From this hour,' said he, 'you must leave my house, and I shall seek a more trustworthy servitor than you have proved.' But the tears of Claudia entreated a less harsh procedure than the instant dismissal of her nurse, and Solario frankly chimed in with a confession that for her breach of faith *he* ought to bear the burthen.

"As he spoke, the Painter confessed to himself that seldom had woman's heart—the way to which is so frequently through the eyes—been so well justified in its fancy as in the present instance. As the lovers stood before him—the very perfection of all that best became their respective sexes—he felt his anger sub-

side into interest, and his parental affection become kind and gentle, as it ever had been before it was ruffled.

"'Come here, my child,' said he, as he seated himself on the ottoman which they had occupied before his entrance; 'Come here, and tell thy father who is this youth, and wherefore is he here?' But before the blushing girl could give reply, Solario boldly spoke: 'I am Antonio Solario, whom men commonly call Il Zingaro. I am here because I love thy daughter.'

"'Is this true?' asked Colantonio. His daughter hid her face upon his bosom, and he said, 'Aye, *that* answers me sufficiently. And thou dost love the youth?—wouldst wed him?' Then, turning to Il Zingaro, he said, 'I shall not blame thee for having thus made acquaintance with my daughter. The blame is mine, for not having taken better care to prevent it. I cannot blame thee for loving her, for she is beautiful—nor in sooth, can I condemn her for loving thee. But here must end this intimacy.

I shall not tell thee what others might say hadst thou made this avowal to them, that thy presumption and thy poverty were equal, for Colantonio del Fiore is not the man to reproach any one with the lowliness of the station in which it had pleased God to place him. I see that ye love each other—be it so, for the affections are not to be fettered. But, as my daughter knows, I have long determined that none but a PAINTER shall ever wed her. When thou art as good a painter as myself, come, if it please thee, and claim my Claudia's hand.'

"Il Zingaro, baffled, but not beaten, retorted that it would take time to make him a painter, even if he had genius enough.

"'Aye,' said Colantonio, 'it *will* take time to turn the Tinman of Naples into an artist. But my Claudia is now little more than a child, and a few years will find her still young. She tells me that she loves thee, and will wed none but thee. Let her keep to this—if she can—and I pledge myself that if, in ten years, thou art able to comply with my conditions,

then thou mayst take her hand, with her heart in it. One stipulation more—thou must leave Naples without delay, nor return until thou canst, in honour, claim thy Claudia—if thine she is to be. Nor must thou, during thy absence, hold any communication, by message or by letter, with my daughter. Dost thou agree?"

"The compact was made on the moment, and Colantonio asked: 'Thine age is?'

"'I shall be twenty to-morrow, Signore.'

"'So young? I should have taken thee for more. And Claudia is four years thy junior. In ten years time, shouldst thou come back to claim thy bride, both will yet be young. Thy hand—I pledge thee, in all faith, to keep our contract. And for Claudia—'

"'My life on her faith!' exclaimed Solario.

"'Thou art ever bold, Sir Zingaro, to pledge a woman's faith so vehemently! My Claudia, I go to court for two hours; see whether thou canst keep thy Zingaro within the bounds of this chamber till I return. It will be your last meeting for many years.'

"The painter went to court, and from the terms of familiarity which existed between him and the King, Ladislaus the Victorious, hesitated not—half in merriment and half in earnest—to mention to him the singular compact which he had made with Il Zingaro.

"'There is something about the youth,' said he, 'which has strangely won upon me, and makes me cease to wonder that my Claudia has surrendered her heart to him. I like also, I confess, the ingenuity and perseverance with which he has obtained acquaintance with her, in spite of all the impediments I had raised to prevent her being seen or known by any one. In truth, my good Lord, if I had not solemnly vowed that my daughter should wed none but a Painter, I think I should be weak enough to pardon her having been won by this young man. I should esteem it an addition to the many favours my sovereign has conferred upon me, if he would give me his opinion upon a matter which so very closely concerns me and mine.'

"The King, greatly surprised that such a noble as Colantonio del Fiore could have any doubt whatever upon the subject, and had rather expected that his motive in speaking was to secure the removal of Il Zingaro, decidedly expressed his opinion that nothing could be more absurd than the slightest sympathy towards one who had been guilty of the presumption of soliciting the affections of a maiden of noble birth, and recommended that he be drafted into the army then raising against the Pope and the Florentines when absence, no doubt, would gradually efface all recollection of him from the mind of Claudia. But to such a measure—to any measure of violence against Il Zingaro, there appeared such decided reluctance on the part of Colantonio, that King Ladislaus declared himself unable to understand the interest which the artisan had inspired in the mind of that noble. Perhaps it was to relieve himself from the trouble of giving the matter any further consideration that his Majesty jocosely suggested

that Colantonio should consult the Queen Marguerite, his mother, (the widow of King Charles of Durazzo), and the Princess Giovanna, his sister, who succeeded him on the throne of Naples and the Two Sicilies.

"The suggestion, however intended, was seriously taken and acted upon by Colantonio. He sought the Queen and the Princess, obtained a private audience, and made them acquainted with what had taken place. The romance of the story touched them, and they took a view of it different to that taken by the King. They knew how love oversteps all distinctions of station, and admired the manner in which it had entangled the fortunes of one so lowly as Il Zingaro with the heiress of a noble so proud as Colantonio.

"They required that the lovers should be brought before them. The blushes, the tears, and the silence of Claudia pleaded powerfully with the Princess; and the manly beauty, gentle bearing, and passionate words of Il Zingaro completed the conquest over their prejudices.

They assured Colantonio, that as he had pledged his word, as well as because the happiness of his daughter appeared involved in the result, they thought that Il Zingaro should have the opportunity of trying to win her, if he could, upon the terms proposed, difficult as they were.

"This decision agreed with Colantonio's own secret disposition, and the contract between Il Zingaro and himself was ratified on the spot, in the most solemn manner, before Queen Marguerite and the Princess Giovanna.

"'Thou wilt require the means of support during thy probation,' said the good Queen; and our treasurer shall supply them.'

"'And I,' said the Princess Giovanna, 'must be allowed to help thee—here is gold, and thou knowest where to obtain more, whenever thou mayest require it, by sending this ring to me,' taking a ring from her own finger and giving it to Il Zingaro.

"'From me,' said Colantonio, 'thou dost not require gold or gem, but my name is in-

differently well known wherever Art is known throughout Italy, and thou shalt have letters from me to the first painters in each city."

"At the command of the Queen, Colantonio, his daughter, and her lover continued her guests during the remainder of the day. A few of the nobles were admitted to the party, and to them the Queen related the events which had occurred. She mentioned her reason for not concealing them, which was that Claudia, being considered as a betrothed maiden, should henceforth, in the absence of her lover, be free from the importunity of suitors. Many a gallant who saw her that evening for the first time, envied the good fortune of IL ZINGARO DELLA PROMESSA, as he was playfully called by the Princess Giovanna—an appellation by which, rather than his own, he was subsequently known throughout Italy.

"I pass the leave-taking of the lovers, and all the outpourings of affection which that moment witnessed. With deep and passionate words did the beautiful Claudia repeat and renew her

avowal of love, and promise of its fidelity. The lock of golden hair which she suffered him to take, was kept nearest his heart during the long, long years of his absence, and treasured as one would treasure the relic of a saint. They parted, and the travels and trials of Il Zingaro commenced.

"At that time, one of the most eminent painters in Italy was Lippo d'Almasi, at Bologna, who threw such inimitable grace into his pictures of the Virgin that he was commonly called LIPPO DELLA MADONNA. To him, and, indeed, according to promise, to the leading masters in the principal cities of Italy—Solario took letters of strong recommendation from Colantonio; became his pupil, (very speedily a favourite one, from his extraordinary aptitude and application) and in a few years could learn no more from him. Il Zingaro's story was exactly calculated to excite an interest in his favour in the minds of people so imaginative as the children of our sunny south. Every where he had the best masters, and none

of them would accept any thing, save thanks, from so remarkable a pupil. In the fourth year of his pilgrimage, he was able to decline the liberal allowance which Queen Marguerite's bounty had made him—his pencil amply supplying him with the means of living. After he quitted Bologna, he successively studied under Lorenzo di Bicci in Florence, Galasso Galassi in Ferrara, the elder Vivarini in Venice, and Vittore Pisanelli and Gentile de Fabriano in Rome. At each place they yet shew the products of his genius, and remember with lively interest the events of the painter's life. At last, when the ten years had nearly passed, Il Zingaro returned to Naples.

"Important changes had taken place in his absence. The good Queen Marguerite had died, and King Ladislaus, her son, so often victorious, had, in turn, been subdued by death. In his place reigned the Princess Giovanna, his sister, and her husband James of Bourbon.

"During the weary period of Il Zingaro's ab-

sence—a time as long as Penelope continued faithful to Ulysses—he had kept *his* part of the paction, and refrained from any communication, by letter or message, with the lady of his love. He learned, in his return, that she still remained unwedded, and, satisfied with this pleasing certainty, refrained from any immediate attempt to see her. One of the Neapolitan nobles whom he had met at Rome, and with whom he had formed a familiar acquaintance, undertook to make the Queen aware of his return, and did this by presenting her with a small picture of a Holy Family, painted by him, the beauty of which so greatly delighted her Majesty, that she expressed an anxious desire to sit for her own portrait to an artist of such great merit. The change of time, station, and attire had so completely altered the painter—who was now matured into ripe manhood—that Queen Joanna did not recognize him as IL ZINGARO DELLA PROMESSA, nor was it until he had finished the portrait to her own satisfaction, and the ad-

miration of her court, that he took an opportunity of presenting her the ring she had formerly given him, and thus convincing her—what she had not to that moment suspected—that he was the same Antonio Solario in whose fortunes she had condescended to be interested, nearly ten years before.

"The Queen informed him that although she had forgotten his features, she had often remembered his compact with Colantonio, and had been happy to learn, from time to time, as rumour wafted intelligence of his continued advancement in his art, that the best masters considered him their equal. The difficulty, she assured him, would be to convince Colantonio of this, for he had a high opinion of his own skill, nor thought it possible for any one to equal it. Il Zingaro assured the Queen that for this he had provided, having painted what the best artists had informed him might be submitted to the judgment of any one, who could distinguish between what was indifferent and what was good.

"'Knows Colantonio,' said the Queen, 'of thy return?' Receiving for reply that, as yet, none knew it save herself and his friend, the noble, she said, 'Then, we must send for him here, at once, and, meanwhile, do thou bring hither the picture thou dost intend to exhibit before him.'

"This was done, and, before the whole court, both painters were in attendance. The Queen's portrait and the Holy Family which she had received from Il Zingaro were then exhibited, and Colantonio's opinion demanded. He examined them long and closely, like one whose opinion might influence that of the many, and frankly said, 'Whoever painted these is an artist of no common merit.'

"The Queen then ordered the curtain to be withdrawn from the third or trial-painting. It is to be seen, to this day, among the finest pictures in Naples—equal to the best of them. It represents the Virgin enthroned, and surrounded by saints. Colantonio paused before the picture, like one bewildered. At length,

he exclaimed, 'There is witchery in that perspective—pencil never painted anything superior. But that Virgin—as I live, the features are those of my own Claudia; methinks, too, that the features of the old man resemble mine own; but assuredly they are not flattered: while he, who is depicted behind St. Aspremus reminds me of Il Zingaro.* I pray your Majesty inform me this painter's name?'

"'You have spoken it,' said the Queen. 'Is that picture equal to any of thine?'

"'Its painter,' he replied, 'is more able than any artist now in Italy. In design, colouring, drawing, expression, and knowledge of perspective, he beats us all.'

* This painting is now at Naples, in the *Galleria de' Capi d'Opera*, and divides applause with superb productions from the pencils of Titian, Spagnaletto, Sebastiano del Piombo, Raphael, Giulio Romana, Andrea del Sarto, Annibale Carraccio, Velasquez, Claude Lorraine, Domenichino, Correggio, and others. The Virgin is represented on a throne, surrounded with saints, and the features are those of Colantonio's daughter. The portraits of Il Zingaro and his father-in-law are also introduced—the latter giving the countenance, (says M. Valery) "of a very ugly old man."

"Upon this, Il Zingaro, who had hitherto stood apart, an anxious observer, came forward and claimed the fulfilment of the pledge. When fully satisfied that the paintings in which he had discovered so much excellence, had indeed been the work of Il Zingaro, to him Colantonio spoke no more, but made an obeisance to Queen Giovanna, and was leaving the Hall of Audience. He was called back, and the Queen demanded whither he was going?

"'Home,' cried he, 'to tell my daughter that she must prepare to be a bride this evening.'

"The marriage was immediately celebrated, and I need not say how happy, after the long delay and trials, were Il Zingaro and his bride.

"Colantonio had high-born relatives, who remonstrated with him for bestowing his daughter upon a man of such mean origin as Il Zingaro. 'I pledged my faith,' said he, 'upon conditions which I deemed it impos-

sible he could fulfil: he has accomplished them, and I redeem my pledge. I marry my Claudia to no Zingaro, but to Antonio Solario, the best painter in Italy.'

"The reputation which Solario obtained during his years of travel and study, increased until his death, and he is better known as 'Il Zingaro' than by his real name. Like most of our great painters, he became the founder of a school—Nicolo di Vito, Simone Papa, Angiolello, Rocca di Rame, and the two Donzelli were among the principal of his pupils. I know not whether Naples has yet produced a better painter than Il Zingaro, whose fortunes I have thus narrated."

CHAPTER V.

THE UN-QUEENED QUEEN.

Within a fair Italian hall
  Round which an olive wood extends,
With summer for her festival—
  For camp and court a few tried friends,
The Queen of Cyprus dwelt—the last
  That ever ruled that lovely isle;
The sceptre from her hand she cast,
  And Venice wore her crown the while,
Whose winged lion loved to sweep
Sole master of his bride—the deep.
Her history is upon her face:
Titian hath kept its pensive grace.

L. E. L.

THE maidens were struck with the romantic interest of this anecdote, and Beatrice said: "It is rare, I suppose, for love thus to convert an artisan into a painter?"

"It is uncommon, no doubt," said Titian,

"but even in our own day, we have had an example of it. One of the most distinguished painters, in the Low Countries—whose pencil is even yet in full vigour, though the snows of age have already blanched his hair — is Quintin Matsys, better known as the Blacksmith of Antwerp, because he followed that laborious calling until his twentieth year, when he changed his hammer for a pencil, having become enamoured of the daughter of an artist, who, like Colantonio of Naples, had resolved that she should wed none but an eminent painter. Like Il Zingaro, he devoted years of application to the art—like him, too, he was successful, and obtained the hand of his beloved. He lives, in vigorous old age, one of the most eminent painters in Antwerp."*

* There is, indeed, a strong and singular resemblance in the lives of the Tinman of Naples and the Blacksmith of Antwerp. Nor is there reason to doubt the truth of each account. All the biographers of the Italian painters relate the incidents connected with Il Zingaro's becoming an artist. They are related, pretty fully, in Count Orloff's "*Essai sur l'Histoire de la Peinture en Italie,*" tom. ii, p. 330—5. The particulars relative to Quintin Matsys are more familiar to

Amicia had scarcely been able to avoid interrupting Titian, so eager was she to make inquiry respecting a portrait which particularly attracted her notice, she said: "But that beautiful woman! who is she?"

"You there see a humble essay from my own pencil. It is the portrait of the Queen of Cyprus—a copy from that which I executed for the Senate, and which now hangs in the Ducal Palace. It is not long since the Senate, to record the memory of those charms which had won a crown for her and another sovereignty for St. Mark, sent me to her retreat at Asola, in the Trevisan Mountains, to paint her portrait."*

"Queen Caterina has had a splendid doom," observed Beatrice, "to obtain a throne by her

general readers. Il Zingaro was born in 1382, and died in 1455. Quintin Matsys, born in 1450, died in 1529. The inscription on his monument outside the Cathedral of Antwerp is "Connubialis amor de Mulcibre fecit Apellem."

* Catarina Cornaro was born in 1454, married the King of Cyprus in 1470, was a widow in 1473, abdicated in 1489, and died in 1510. She must have been nearly fifty when she sat to Titian for her portrait.

beauty, and to have such a record of that beauty thus transmitted to later times by such a pencil as yours."

"I acknowledge the compliment to myself, lady," said the Painter, "but assure you that as regards the Queen, the reality is very different from the seeming. Had Caterina Cornaro remained in the station to which her birth entitled her, she would probably have been much happier than as a Queen. From her earliest youth, she was accounted beautiful, and her father, Marco Cornaro, bestowed extraordinary pains to make her mental equal to her personal loveliness. In this he succeeded so well, that at the age of sixteen, her hand was sought by nobles of the first rank—which, indeed, her birth merited—and her praises were celebrated by poets, in Venice and on Terra Firma. Ludovico Contarini was so fortunate as to be received as her accepted lover —an union which received the sanction of the Seigniory. Preparations were made for the celebration of the marriage with the fullest

pomp, and for Caterina there appeared every prospect of a life of happiness.

"Her uncle, Andrea Cornaro, a man of unbounded ambition and unequalled passion for political intrigue, was Venetian resident at the court of Giacopo de Lusignano, King of Cyprus. Some years before, when that Prince wrested the crown from the legitimate heiress, his own sister, he was indebted to Andrea Cornaro for the money with which the necessary payments were made to the soldiery. Part of this debt was erased by the gift of a Cypriote estate to his creditor. A great portion of it remained unpaid.

"King Giacopo was much attached to Cornaro, and made him his constant companion. One day, while they were walking together, Cornaro designedly dropped a small case containing a portrait of his beautiful niece, Caterina. The King picked it up, and exclaimed that never before had he beheld the semblance of such loveliness. Cornaro replied that the original was far more beautiful than the portrait.

"'You know her then?' said the King.

"'I think I do,' replied Cornaro; 'seeing that this is my own unwedded niece.'

"'Did you say unwedded?' demanded the King.

"'Yes,' said Cornaro, 'and I destine for her portion the exact sum which your Majesty is indebted to me. Should she wed royally—and the house of Cornaro derives its direct descent from Scipio Africanus, the conqueror of Hannibal and the destroyer of Carthage—I shall add a hundred thousand ducats to her dowry.'

"The beauty of the portrait had smitten the King, but his cupidity was aroused when he heard of Andrea's magnificent intentions in favour of the fair original. Gratified at the idea of at once discharging a heavy debt, obtaining a handsome portion, and gratifying the passion which he felt, he offered himself to Andrea Cornaro, as a suitor for his niece's hand. The wily noble, well knowing how strict was the law which forbade any Venetian

of high rank to wed a foreigner, informed the King that Caterina's hand could only be obtained by a direct application to the Seigniory. Accordingly, an ambassador was sent from Cyprus to Venice, demanding the maiden's hand; and, after much grave deliberation—during which it was urged that such an alliance would strengthen the friendship between Cyprus and the Seigniory — the Venetian state solemnly adopted Caterina Cornaro as a daughter of St. Mark, consented to her marriage with the King of Cyprus, and bestowed on her a dowry, from the public treasury, amounting to a hundred thousand ducats.

"Caterina, tempted by the glittering promise of a crown, and persuaded also by her family, was false to the love which she had cherished for Contarini, and consented to become wife of the Cypriote Sovereign. I know that she repented her weakness only once—but that was during her whole life. She was married, by proxy, in St. Mark's Church, in presence of

the Doge and Seigniory—the Bucentaur was brought out to convey her, beyond the Lido, to the galley which her royal lover had sent to carry her to Cyprus; a squadron of Venetian ships accompanied her to Cyprus, where the King received her; and it seemed as if fortune, for once, had determined to shed all her bounties upon a single head."

"And Contarini—what of him?"

"He did not long survive the loss of his faithless mistress. In the Turkish war which took place, shortly after her marriage, he solicited to be employed, and fell in one of the first encounters. Two years after the marriage, the King of Cyprus died. On his death-bed, he earnestly recommended his Queen and unborn child, through Pietro Moncenigo, the Venetian admiral, to the friendship of the Seigniory. The admiral proclaimed Caterina Queen. The son who, shortly after, was born to her, he held at the baptismal font, as the god-child of the Seigniory. The birth of this child was the signal for revolt. Andrea Cornaro was slain,

Caterina taken prisoner: measures were in progress for deposing her, when Moncenigo, who had been absent at Modon, returned with his fleet, quelled all disaffection, restored Caterina to the throne, and continued her upon it when, while yet an infant, her child died. Yet, in reality, she was but Vice-Queen under the Seigniory, by whom Moncenigo was appointed ruling governor of Cyprus, and retained that post until, on the death of Nicolo Marcello, he was declared Doge of Venice.

"For fifteen years, supported in the kingdom by the Venetian soldiery, Queen Caterina governed Cyprus. During that time her subjects had gradually became so accustomed to the rule of the Seigniory, that it little mattered to them, while their commerce flourished and their laws observed, whether the Queen had nominal or real power. The Seigniory, hearing it reported that Caterina—over whose beauty time had passed with light and charmed wing—was about wedding Prince Ferdinand, son of the King of Naples, and knowing that to the

children of such marriage the kingdom of Cyprus would pass, as the late King's testament bequeathed it to Caterina, determined not only to prevent the marriage but promptly assume the nominal as well as the actual possession of the island. They sent Georgio Cornaro, her brother, to Caterina, to persuade her, if possible, to abdicate in favour of St. Mark.

"He found her—not thinking of a second bridal, but sadly lamenting the weakness which had tempted her, by the glittering pomp of royalty, to prove false to Contarini, the only man who had ever won her heart. Her only consolation was to devise plans for the welfare of her subjects. When her brother desired her to abdicate in favour of the Seigniory, she declined, saying that she would not forsake so rich and goodly a Realm, and that the Senate ought to be satisfied with enjoying it after her death. 'Besides,' said she, 'I am a woman to whom the pomp of royalty and the splendour of a Court are now things of custom, nor shall

I willingly quit them, for the sordid habits and humble station I should have to adopt in Venice.'

"On this point, her brother was fully prepared. He argued that the city of her birth should be dearer to her than the foreign land of her adoption—that she knew not when the Cypriotes, impatient of a woman's governance, might expel her—that dangerous and ambitious neighbours threatened her, on all sides—that nothing could be more honourable than to have it written of her in the Venetian annals, that the Venetian state had been augmented with the kingdom of Cyprus, by a lady, her own citizen—that she should still preserve the name, the rank, and the dignity of a Queen—that the State and her own family would receive her as such—and that if he, her brother, should fail in persuading her to do this great service to Venice, they would think, not that she had refused to gratify the State, but that he had advised her not to do it. She yielded, with reluctance, to these arguments, saying, as soon

as her tears would allow her to speak, 'Brother, if this be your opinion, I yield to it, and will strive to overmaster myself; but our country shall thank you, and not me, for the kingdom which it gains.'

"She prepared to quit Cyprus. At Famagosta, in the presence of her council, she formally abdicated the Sovereignty. The Venetian General and Proveditori accompanied her to the Cathedral, where Mass was said and the banner of St. Mark duly consecrated, and then, in the presence and by the command of the Queen, that standard was erected in the market-place of the city—and thus was Cyprus rendered from a kingdom to a province.

"The Queen continued to reside in Famagosta from February, when she abdicated, until Midsummer. The Seigniory, unwilling to leave her where the people might rally around her and annul what she had done, persuaded her to quit Cyprus. She embarked, with her train and her brother, in a Venetian galley, and on arriving at the Lido was received by Prince

Augustino Barberigo and all the Senate at St. Nicholas' Church, with the fullest honours ever rendered to a crowned head. A fleet of gondolas accompanied her to Venice. In the Bucentaur, seated on a throne in the midst of the Senate and the noblest ladies of Venice, the Queen made her triumphant entry into Venice. Never before, nor since, was like honour done to any Venetian lady. A palace on the Grand Canal was assigned as her residence; and, not long after, the Council of Ten presented her with the castle and estate of Asola, on the Trevisan hills, with an allowance of fifty pounds weight of gold for her yearly expenses, besides making her constant and liberal presents."

"It was there, then," asked Amicia, "that you saw this Queen?"

"Yes, Signora, and even then, though she had turned the age of forty, it was easy to see how lovely she must have been. At Asola, she had formed a miniature court, where, though she had relinquished the sceptre, all

the observances of royalty are paid. The uniform expression of her still beautiful face is that of resigned and patient suffering. That pensive grace my pencil has endeavoured to express, as you may see. The very smile is sad, and though, among her friends, she did not allow her own silent sorrows to become dominant, and indeed rather encouraged all innocent mirth, I could readily perceive that her mind was ill at ease. During my residence at Asola, I learned the particulars I have now related, and believe that bitterly has that lady paid for the surrender of love to ambition. Perhaps she is happier now than at any time since first she wore the crown. Her residence is the resort of wits and men of letters—song and story are the common amusements of her court—and she cherishes the strongest feeling for the fine arts, with, especially, a thorough appreciation of painting. The portrait, after what I have told you, may now possibly possess an interest in your eyes."

"It is very beautiful," observed Amicia,

"but if it be twenty years ago since she resigned the crown, surely she cannot now possess such very youthful charms as these?"

"It is evident," said Titian, with a smile, "that you are not acquainted with the gallantry of art! I have painted Queen Catarina rather as she has been than as she is. If the rude touch of Time has swept away the fresh bloom of youthful beauty from her features, so much greater the duty of the painter to renew it on the canvas! But you have seen enough of my own painting.—These are two landscapes by my old master, Giovanni Bellino, who yet lives. That picture which hangs between them is a portrait of the Sultan, Mahomet the Victorious. It is a copy which I have made from the original by Gentile Bellino."

"I see nothing," remarked Beatrice, "of the evil passions which are said to have actuated the Sultan. The features are dark, but their expression is mild."

"If you examine it attentively, Signora, you may observe that the passions are represented

dormant, not absent. The lips protrude—this indicates desire: the eyes are prominent, and consequently received the quick impression of every object around: the lids are expanded, and the eyebrows are elevated. To one accustomed to note the expression of the human face, all these indicate deep sensibilities, (which impulse and unrestrained power quicken into passions), and thirst for their instant gratification. Much as Bellino has softened the expression, I recognize it as reflecting the evil thoughts, led by which, when Mahomet fancied his favourite Sultana was inclined to interfere with his martial propensities, he cut off her head with a blow of his scimitar. But this is a dark theme, all unsuited for beauty and gentleness to dwell upon. These brilliant but unfinished sketches are by Giorgione, once my fellow pupil, now my rival. This small picture I value much, for Antonio Rossi, my first master in the art, painted it. Many associations make it valuable in my eyes. It is a reduced copy of the first painting that I ever

saw—one which Rossi executed under my father's roof at Cadore, and which now is the chief ornament of the church there. It shewed me what the pencil could do, when my youthful aspirations had but imagined such things—like the varying loveliness of autumnal skies—as too beautiful for human skill to give a reflection of."

"You have shewn us only one of your own paintings, Signore," said Beatrice.

"Such as I have by me," he replied, "are scarcely worthy your notice. An artist's best works should be found everywhere but in his own possession. At some other time I may have the satisfaction of shewing, in a finished form, some that are now in progress. At present, Signora, I fear it is too late for me to ask you to resume your seat, that I may proceed with the portrait I have here commenced. The day declines, and we require full light for most kinds of portraiture."

"Ah, so it does," said Amicia; "we heeded not the flight of time, it has passed so pleasantly here. You have done but little of your task, Signore, and now we must depart."

Titian inquired when he might expect to see her for a second sitting, and the ladies, after a brief and whispered consultation, assured him that they feared it would not be in their power to avail themselves any further of his pencil. The painter said that it would afford him the highest satisfaction to wait upon them at their residence whenever they pleased, and added that he was the more anxious to do this, as he felt convinced the portrait he had now taken in hand would be one of his most successful performances. But this proposal accorded still less with their intentions, and Beatrice declared that there were reasons, secret but sufficient, why they must decline acquainting him with their name or residence. On receiving Titian's assurance that he would feel it his duty, as a cavalier, to respect their mystery, and abstain from the indulgence of any curiosity, and influenced also (it must be confessed) by a glance and whisper of entreaty from her cousin, Beatrice informed him that perhaps he might expect them on the mor-

row, a little earlier than they had that day waited upon him. Amicia placed a turquois ring, from her own finger, upon the table, and said that she left it as the pledge of her return. Titian gallantly pressed it to his lips, and then, retiring almost abruptly as they had entered—with a simple "Addio, Signore!" as they quitted the chamber of art—the maidens returned home.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PORTRAIT.

I have heard
That subtle passion from a glance hath sprung,
Hath in a moment taken root so deep,
Years could not pluck it up; but in the heart
It grew and grew, though beam of sunny hope
Did never fall upon it.

SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

FAREWELL! How many feelings may be awakened—what a web of mingled thought may be suddenly created by that single word! Methinks it has a melancholy and not unmusical sound, and it may sadden the heart, even when not followed by the separation it implies. How often, when carelessly spoken, has this "farewell" been final, and then, in after-days, the soul gives a voice of remembrance to the

winds—the woods, the streams—the flowers; to the lowliest being, the meanest thing that heard it. Tones of kindness, looks of tenderness spring up quick upon the memory, and the heart reproaches itself with having been cold or careless, until fancy merges into reality, and the remorse of love is born. But, sighed forth by the stricken spirit, when we know that it indeed may be for the *last* time, "farewell" rives the quick bosom with the consciousness that we *indeed* are losing the form and features it is joy to gaze on—the sweet voice which sounds like music to the ear—the fairy foot whose elastic steps are the very poetry of motion—the eyes which have a bright utterance of thought for us—the natural genius or the accomplished mind which refines our taste and doubles, while it shares, the treasures of fancy or research. *Then*, that single word makes even the light heart thoughtful, and subdues meditation into sorrow. Happy are they in whose hearts, as in Titian's, it can awaken hope.

It was spoken by Amicia, and he fancied there was melody in the utterance. Was it indeed, he asked himself, only imagination's mockery that whispered him there was heart in the simple "Addio!" of that bright stranger. If this were not a phantasy, how pleasant would it be to woo, how happy to win that maiden, in whose lovely countenance innocence and intellect were mirrored.

She was gone; but he was again to see her on the morrow. He had promised to attend a festal party on that evening, but his thoughts were not now inclined for mirth. He threw his mantle around him, hailed a passing gondola, and was rowed to the Lido. There, as the fresh breeze fanned his cheek, and cooled the fever of his brow, his spirit grew calm, and when he returned home, long after midnight, he had recovered his habitual self-possession. How often, during those hours, he kissed Amicia's ring, the chronicles of love report not.

The wished-for morrow came. Did the hours lag heavily that day until Titian again saw Amicia? In sooth they did not.

Laying aside the nearly finished portrait of Barberigo's mistress, Titian had his door closed against all intruders, whether friends or visitors, and the greater part of the day saw him occupied with a sketch of her who had been with him, like a bright thought, departing almost as fleetly. Into this self-imposed task, he threw the best energies of his mind, the best skill of his art, and memory faithfully supplied him with her every feature and feature's expression. It might literally be called a "labour of love."

Before it was mid-day he had executed a likeness, life-like as ever pencil had created. He was proud of his success—indeed, there was more than the complacency of an artist's pride in the feeling. He gazed upon the portrait with the admiration only known to painters when they contemplate, as their own work, the loveliness of life "transfixed, transfigurated" by the magic of the pencil. How that admiration is heightened if it be the portrait of one whom the artist loves! What a sweet refinement is then delicately shed upon the features of the beautiful—what eloquent

expression is breathed, as it were, upon the whole!

We are tempted to confess that the thought of our own heart has often been "Would that I were a Painter!" for there is no art like his. There may be and there are many drawbacks on the pleasure of the pursuit, but what pursuit is free from them? There may be drawbacks—for even love itself is not free from sorrow, which chastens while it nourishes passion—yet when success *is* his, great is the painter's rapture.

Beautiful is it when across the vivid fancy floats a new creation, the germ of some noble work which may give its painter's name to immortality! The eager hand snatches the pencil, quickly striving to "catch, ere it flee, the Cynthia of the minute." Then comes forth Thought, with her meditative brow, and Imagination, with flashing eyes, and of the twain the bright Ideal is the offspring. Then, the skilful hand engages in the execution, and soon the rapid outlines show the advancing shadow of the

coming beauty. The figures are clothed with form and colour. The features assume the true expression. The landscape may lend its reality to the scene. At length, matured by contemplation, and corrected by judgment, the finished painting glows with the loveliness of nature and the hues of truth. All eyes are eager to view, all tongues delight to praise it, and surely, however painfully such crowning perfection has been attained—for without patient study and much industry, never yet was there a truly great painter—the consummation thus glorious repays all the pains.

Nor is it a mean advantage that if, when his work finished, the painter should learn that he has mistaken aspiration for ability, he may destroy the evidence of his failure, trusting that men may forget what has passed away; while, if the printed pages of a book prove of little worth, they remain at once the proof and monument of the failure. In future days, when study and experience have drawn out the skill of the painter, some work of indisputable merit

may erase even the dim remembrance of his former want of success, but the volumes of an author who has been weighed in the balance of criticism and found wanting, remain to meet him at all times and places; therefore, once more we say, "Would that I were a Painter."

Now that this digression is ended, we may resume the story.—It was yet early in the afternoon, when Amicia's gondola stopped before Titian's dwelling. Scarcely a moment had elapsed ere he was receiving her—for he had been expecting her arrival—another, and she was in his *studio*. It said little for his gallantry that he did not notice Beatrice—in truth, he was unconscious of her presence. She quietly followed her cousin, and you may fancy, fair one, whose bright eyes may haply wander over these pages, with what an arch smile she received Titian's apologies.

Is there occasion to report in what manner the time passed? Much of it was given to conversation; but Amicia still appeared more

inclined to listen than to speak, until, when Titian assured her that he could not give the expression of her features if she let them rest in repose, it became impossible for her any longer to confine her speech to monosyllables. Strange (yet not so to those who have studied the human heart, and know how diffidence mingles with love's young hope) strange it might seem to those who do not analyse such feelings, that Titian did not show his visitors that sketch upon which he had been so engrossingly employed during the whole morning. Perhaps he wished to retain it for himself, as a sort of secret and stolen gratification; perhaps he considered it not sufficiently finished to be seen; perhaps he might have shown it to Amicia, if her cousin had not been present: perhaps—but it is idle to conjecture.

In this second sitting, the portrait on the easel certainly advanced, although the Painter was in no hurry to complete it; therefore, again and again did Amicia return, until, at length,

the parting of to-day gave the promise of meeting on the morrow. The starched propriety, which modern fastidiousness has prudishly introduced, may frown at the monstrous idea of two young ladies of rank paying such visits to an artist's *atelier;* but the time, circumstances, and country extenuate the matter. Such procedure was not uncommon in Venice, where, three centuries ago, with the feeling strong in favour of Art, ladies of rank and reputation frequently made parties among themselves to see distinguished painters and their works. Besides, knowing little of the formalities of society, Beatrice and Amicia, completely mistresses of their own actions, could act as they pleased: their innate sense of propriety preventing their ever acting in an unmaidenly manner. It was curiosity which first prompted their visit to the painter, with whose praises the whole city rang; once beneath his roof, they knew not how to acknowledge that *this* had brought them, and hence Amicia's sudden plea that she had come to sit to him for her portrait,

which she certainly had not contemplated up to the moment that some involuntarily impulse made her utter the words. This much we have felt it our duty to explain, being unwilling that the shadow of reproach should visit the fair cousins, even for a moment. "Cæsar's wife should be above suspicion," and our heroines not less so!

Whenever Beatrice could accompany Amicia on these visits, she did; but she speedily became weary of watching the laborious execution of a painter who lingered over his work. So, in her absence, their own attendant was Amicia's escort, and this sagacious *soubrette*, readily perceiving that *two* are very excellent company, used to leave Titian and Amicia pretty much to themselves, contenting herself with keeping within call, and (simply *pour passer le temps*) with having a little quiet flirtation on her own account with Luigi, their gondolier, who was young, gay, bold, and handsome, somewhat distinguished as Doge of the Nicoloti, and of her many admirers the favourite.

The cousins could not avoid noticing that if all portraits were as slowly painted as Amicia's, artist and subject must have no common share of patience. Beatrice had latterly grown quick-sighted upon matters of the heart, —the result, probably, of the new feelings which were springing in her own—and, observing the evident attention of Titian, as well as his many merits, began to have a vague fear that the affections of her cousin might be engaged before she dreamed of such a thing. While she blamed herself for having been persuaded to indulge their mutual desire to see the painter, she scarcely knew how to put an end to Amicia's visits, until the portrait was completed. Such thoughts, as much of doubt as sorrow, threw an expression of anxiety and sadness into her looks, which Amicia was not slow to notice, nor could help pretty accurately interpreting. Yet it was so pleasant to see and speak with Titian, that she could not bring herself to think of putting an end to that pleasure—so, coquetting with her conviction,

in perfect innocence of heart, her most heroic resolve was that when her portrait was finished, she would cease to see him; and she sighed, as she thought that too soon she would have no further plea for her visits. Then, too, she asked her heart, would Titian ever think of her when she met his eye no more? And then a thousand soft and regretful contemplations followed, all prudent resolutions were deferred, and she anxiously awaited the hour when she would again meet him.

While Amicia's feelings were thus stirred up to their very depths, the reader is not to imagine that Beatrice was without startling emotions of her own. Her heart was in peril, although this was scarcely self-confessed, as yet — and she had not the consolation of knowing whether she had merely lost or exchanged it.

The habits of solitary study which Agrippa had, in a great measure laid aside, a few months before, on his first acquaintance with the ladies of Count Petigliano's family, had

latterly been resumed, for he found that such companionship was very dangerously pleasant to him. It was a luxury the more fascinating, because he had hitherto known little of the charm of female society. But there had gradually arisen a consciousness that Beatrice was worthy of being beloved, a doubt how far it were likely that he could secure an interest in her mind, and a hesitation to own his feelings until he was in a less dangerous and doubtful position than he then occupied. If he now gave less of his leisure to his young friends, he wore such an untroubled brow before them, that Amicia perceived no change. But the quickened perceptions of Beatrice saw that, whatever the seeming, the reality was grave and serious. She, in turn, became thoughtful, and in that gentle gravity, there was a charm for Agrippa, because it was more congenial to his present temperament than Amicia's gaiety—although that was evidently less sunny than when first he saw her.

Left much more than usual to her own

thoughts, the feelings of Beatrice were rapidly proceeding to maturity. These thoughts were much occupied with Agrippa. When she heard his step, her cheek had a conscious glow. The flower he gave her was treasured long after its transitory beauty had departed; in short, the arrow was in her heart. But the sensation, though novel, was so far from being unpleasant that she did not wish it absent, and it was the sweetest satisfaction to think how worthy of all affection was Agrippa. She knew very little about him, it is true; but many things, trifling in themselves, yet not so in the aggregate, had made her surmise that his calm aspect masqued something of mystery. He had a courtly air and dignity of manner which, however they might be natural to Count Petigliano, the co-mate of princes by birth and station, appeared inconsistent with the ostensible rank of him whom she knew only as Signore Carloni, the secretary. Yet however close her observation, it could not help admitting that

the graceful ease of a courtly cavalier did not sit ill upon him; so her opinion finally settled down into a belief, that while he certainly was all he professed to be, as regarded his scholarly attainments, as certainly he was something more.

Beatrice di Orsino had lived little in the world—in the world of society, at least—but was better acquainted with the human heart than many of more mature age. Away from the distracting whirl of action, she had a wider range through the tracts of thought. Hence, beyond her years—beyond the habits of her sex, she had learned to read that riddle, her own heart, and now began to know, that, like most fortresses, it was not impregnable. When the Castellan begins to apprehend that his stronghold may be captured, one half of the besieger's task is done.

In the common course of common life, female perceptions, quick though they naturally are, often fail to detect the motive or impulse of an action. But when the affections

are interested, it is otherwise; and if the heart of a mystery be not plucked out, its existence will be determined with certainty. Thus much had Beatrice become assured of regarding Agrippa; and her feelings, after speeding through the various and almost imperceptible gradations of curiosity and sympathy, were now fairly bounding onward to their natural goal—love!

CHAPTER VII.

THE LORE OF LOVE.

Love ? I will tell thee what it is to love !
It is to build with human thoughts a shrine,
Where Hope sits brooding like a beauteous dove,
Where Time seems young ; and Life a thing divine
All tastes, all pleasures, all desires combine
To consecrate this sanctuary of bliss.
Above—the stars in shroudless beauty shine—
Around—the streams their flowery margins kiss—
And if there's Heaven on earth, that Heaven is surely
this. CHARLES SWAIN.

SUNSET ! delicious sunset! mocking the painter's pencil and the poet's pen. Beautiful in all climes, but most beautiful when the varying hues of Heaven fall on Venice—softly as the golden lights of Elysium upon the snowy

pinions of the seraphim. Nothing more lovely had Agrippa ever beheld than that gorgeous scene which met his view as he stood on the low shore of the Lido—the bank which barriers Venice from the Adriatic—and gazed upon the beauty of the dying day.

Not less lovely did it appear because Beatrice was by his side: for pleasure is nothing unless it be shared. Who does not remember the Eastern legend of the beautiful princess, who, in a fay-built palace, where were collected all treasures of air and earth, pined and sighed for a companion to whom she might say—"How lovely is this solitude!"

Winter was passing away, and genial Spring hastening on with light steps and gentle beauty. It was now near the close of the Carnival, which was celebrated, immediately before Ash-Wednesday, or the *Karesma,* with a spirit and splendour unsurpassed in Christendom, and usually attracting crowds of noble and wealthy visitors to Venice. The throng of the crowd — the freedom of the masquers — the

distraction of the scene — the beauty of the evening—and a desire to escape from the whirl of gaiety besetting her on all sides, had combined to make Beatrice assent to Agrippa's proposal, that they should take a gondola across the Lagune. During these latter days of the Carnival, so expansive a license was permitted that it was within the limit of the strictest propriety for a cavalier thus to escort a lady—provided her identity were not ascertainable.

They stood together on the Lido. Between them and the city—which looked in the distance like a great town half flooded by a deluge—rolled the waters, calmly rippling as if the strong breath of a tempest had never ruffled them. Above them was the sky, with its many-tinted, and ever-shifting cloud-breaks—which Fancy would fain people with beings bright as their own lovely hues. Farther off, landward, the Heavens seemed roofed with yet richer emblazonry of dun and crimson, gra-

duating westward into a blaze radiant as gold. The Eugenian hills were to the left—farther off, the Tyrolean Alps struck from east to west, Heaven-sustaining bulwarks. The golden light flashed fully on the hills, which were tinged, far along, with an almost transparent lustre. Earth and sky became mantled with one bright blaze of glory. Then fell a shadow, deepening — not lessening — the gorgeous hues. Almost imperceptibly, this shadow grew darker, the gold became fringed with crimson, delicate as the rose-tint on a maiden's cheek at the first whisper of love's confession. Then the clouds broke, leaving half the sky azure. The day-god lingered yet—lessening to a point in the concentration of his brightness, and shining like the visible eye of Heaven. At last, as if loath to leave a scene so splendid, he sank behind the distant hills, leaving a long track of ruddy lustre over all the west. Then, with quick steps, came twilight—soon banished, when, like an Ethiop-Queen, Night raised her jewelled head, and—

a sad mourner for the glory that had departed —the pale moon walked in her accustomed courses, accompanied by

> —That one star, which to her
> Almost seems to minister
> Half the crimson light she brings
> From the sunset's golden springs.'

Softly on the waters floated the sweet tone of the vesper-bell, as if tolled for the death of the sunny day;* faintly came the low-voiced echo of the chaunted hymn from the Franciscan monastery of the island of Santa Elena; and on light wings the banished breezes came back. Beatrice and Agrippa had lingered on the Lido, until the shades of twilight, (which come on suddenly in that climate), had all departed, and the pale beauty of the moonlight shed its silvery lustre along the waters.

> * E che lo novo peregrin d'Amore
> Punge, *se ode squilla di lontano*
> *Che paia 'l giorno pianger che si more.*
>
> DANTE.

Night over Venice!—and the gorgeous palaces, the tall galleys, the lofty spires, and the fretted pinnacles were bathed in that gentle glory. Night over Venice!—and, glittering like frost-work, were the spires and minarets of the churches and the palaces. All was silent—save the breeze-borne murmur of the city; such a silence, thoughtful and luxurious with soft repose, as well suited the hour and their feelings. Hark! music on the waters!—now faint as the half-memoried music of a dream, and now joyously swelling as at a festival; now near, and suddenly seeming distant—until the sweet sounds gave out, as it were, a very atmosphere of delight to which the heart yielded itself without an effort at resistance. Oh, if aught can wrap the senses in oblivion, can soothe them into momentary forgetfulness of the cares of this anxious life, it is an hour like that, when sweet-voiced music, thrilling to the heart, touches an answering chord, and creates that delicate voluptuousness in which we know not whether there

is more of soul or sense, so blended is the essence of such emotions.

They resumed their seats in the gondola, which was rapidly swept on, as if the oarmen were determined to atone for the long delay. They had reached the island of San Giorgio Maggiore, avoiding the deep channel of the Canal Orfano—in whose waters, on pain of death, the fisherman was forbidden to cast a net; for there, unless rumour reported falsely, were drowned the victims of state policy—the guilty, the accused, and frequently the suspected! Hark to the deep-toned sounds from the tower of the Orologio, near the Campanile—telling, with a voice louder than all the noise around, that it was now the second hour from sunset.

Lo, what glancing lights from the Piazzetta—flambeaux, and lamps, and occasional fireworks. What a din, even at that distance, of mirth, and song, and music. Lo, rapidly as the arrow's flight, how speeds by the frequent barque, until the Lagune is left behind, and the City's voice is scarcely a murmur. Then are the dark

curtains of the gondola's pavilion thrown open, then the masks removed, then whispers breathed almost as musical as song. Yes, sweeter to the heart than the dulcet tones of the lute, are the low whispers there rife on many a lip and welcome to many an ear.

Agrippa's gondolieri again received his instructions, brought the boat a little farther out in the Lagune, and then kept it almost motionless upon the water. While they were thus inactive, they commenced a favourite barcarolle, to pass the time away. At first, the song was faint and low; soon it swelled into a louder burst. The lay was exceedingly simple, their execution not less so. One gondolier took up a verse, and his comrade answered it with another, and thus they sang, alternately.

The song first gave the tender words of the gallant serenader—then it told how his lady-love answers him by waving her white fazzolet—how, scaling high walls, he springs into her bower—what kind words are whispered—what happy sighs are breathed—how the cavalier

takes her small, fair hand, half withheld and half yielded—how he gently presses it in his—how, at the answering pressure, slight as touch could be, he lifts it to his lips—how, pleased and yet offended, the lovely lady struggles to withdraw that little hand. Then they sang how, after a world of protestation, the soft sin is repeated—this time *not* reproved; how the lovers are silent for a time, but look the words they have no voice to utter; how around the maiden's waist an arm gently steals; how her head half unconsciously declines against the lover's bosom, while her eyes are closed in languid weariness; how, as the moonlight gleams on the white beauty of that brow, the cavalier ventures to touch it with his lips; how, his head bending over hers, (more boldly this time), there suddenly falls a shower of kisses on her pouting lips! On went that song of the gondolieri, with a more loud and joyous burst, to tell how the *dama* reproved a little, and the cavalier protested much; how the soft sin was forgiven, and soon repeated with

impunity; how, at last, they fled together and were wedded in secret; and how, when there was no longer use in refusal, a father's blessing greeted that gentle wife!—Such was the burthen of that barcarolle.

How did the strain fall upon the ear of Beatrice? She feared to lose one syllable of a song so sweet, and, when it ended, a long, long sigh relieved her mind.

Agrippa also had heeded it. A favourite in a court where licentious habits much prevailed, where could he learn of the purity of passion? Familiar with the camp, he had heard the name of love laughed at. Nurtured in the lap of knowledge, there was yet a lore of which, until lately, he knew nothing. In the crowds of life—its many employments—its conflicting cares—its ambitions and its struggles, love is generally no more than an episode. When enterprise takes repose in solitude, the heart becomes sensitive, and "Beauty draws us by a single hair." The song of the gondolieri in this manner affected Agrippa: it made him determine to put an end to suspense.

"Row into the middle stream."

"To the city, Signore?"

"No—again towards the Lido."

The boat quivered beneath the rapid strokes of the oarmen, and swiftly cut its way forward. Who that has ever taken his seat in a gondola can forget the luxurious quietude that its gentle motion creates. The ease with which a balloon mounts into the air, appears not much greater than that with which your gondola carries you through the waters. You do not *feel*, but *see* that you are moving. *Is* it motion? when you seem as at anchor, at rest upon the waves, and every thing within sight rapidly rushing by you! On—on—on speeds that funereal barque, and you repose, in laziest luxury, at once soothed and excited by the easy quietude and its strangeness!

Whilst the gondolieri were thus impelling the boat, a conversation passed within the little pavilion, which may be thus reported.

"The gondoleri sang well to-night, Signora? What think you of their barcarolle?"

"They sang of love, Signore, and I can scarcely judge upon that subject."

"Why not?—Have you never loved? Can you not love, Signorina?"

"Nay," said she, "that is not quite a fair question."

"Is it strange, because *I* put it? Or would it be strange if you did love?"

"Indeed," said she, shrinking from his earnestness, "I only mean that I do not know why you should ask me, or why I should answer."

"Nay, Signora, you must not be offended. Would you know what this love is?"

Beatrice sighed, with the consciousness that she had little of such lore to learn.

"Bear with me for a moment," he continued, "and I shall tell you. To love is to surrender soul and sense to the one cherished object—to have the waking thought and the nightly dream filled with that object's worth—to meditate upon it until it becomes a thought within our thought, to which all others are secondary or

insignificant. The present lot—the future fortune—fame—wealth, all become as trifles in comparison with this life of life, unless when the dear idea of that beloved one prompts the noble deed, confirms the generous purpose, and breathes grace into the honourable ambition it excites and rewards. Such, indeed, is true love, and the furnace does not more thoroughly purify the gold than does this passion of passions, in its truth, purify the heart, by removing each unworthy thought and lowly selfishness. This is love."

"But they say that its flight is even swifter than its coming—that if love has the soft plumage of the dove, it has his rapid wing also."

"Believe them not," said he; "believe nothing so unworthy and untrue. The love of which I speak resembles a mighty river, gliding ever onward in its destined course towards its destined goal. A tempest may ruffle its calmness—a barrier may check its progress—the summer's heat may drink up some of the

springs whence its waters flow, or human skill divert its tributaries from their wonted vassalage; but the tempest subsides, the resistless current sweeps away all opposition, or makes itself a new channel; the heaven-fed fountains renew the fulness of the river's strength, and, though human art may turn it from its path, it bounds on, with the resistless impulse derived from gracious nature, until its destined course be run, and it mingles with the ocean's tides. Oh, Signora, they err who say that true love can ever wing away from its dear object. When light departs from the sun, or beauty from the summer—when joy flies from the blooming cheek of infancy, or hope forsakes the human heart it long has comforted, then, and not before, can the perfect passion fade away, the true passion become a traitor."

He looked to note how Beatrice received his words; but her head was declined and her hand hung listlessly by her side. He ventured to take it gently within his, and thus they sat together. How busy were their thoughts in that silence!

At length, he resumed and said, "I fear that I must soon quit Venice."

"Quit Venice?" she repeated, with a start—then, recovering herself, added in a more subdued manner, "But you will soon return, Signore?"

"I fear not. My destiny must be fulfilled elsewhere. But you tremble?"

"No, no!" she answered; "it is but the night wind that has chilled me."

She had not anticipated his departure. The dangerous stillness of the hour and place—the devotedness of Agrippa's manner—the earnestness of his words had touched her heart, and who can blame if a softer accent dwelt upon her lips, a deeper tide of emotion rose within her mind?

They attempted to renew the conversation; but at that moment neither of them could speak upon indifferent subjects, yet dreaded to touch on that which wholly occupied their thoughts. Beatrice gently essayed to withdraw her hand from Agrippa's; he resisted the

attempt, and whispered, "Cannot *you* love?' There came no reply. There was hope in that silence. So he asked again, "Cannot you love *me*, dearest?"

The lady's answer is not on rccord, but it is certain that she made no further attempt to withdraw her hand. Yet, she still continued silent—then, "Carloni! dear Carloni!" rather sighed than spoken—one pause of maidenly hesitation—and a gush of tears. Surely they were not tears of sorrow! Was not Agrippa fully answered?

CHAPTER VIII.

LOVE AND SCHOLARSHIP.

Every thing for them was the poetry, the vagueness, the refinement—not the power, the concentration, the mortality—of desire! The look, the whisper, the brief pressure of the hand—at most, the first kisses of love, rare and few; these marked the human limits of that sentiment which filled them with a new life, and elevated them as with a new soul.

BULWER.

It is truly surprising what a wealth of conversation suddenly becomes the property of lovers, when doubt is ended and the mutual acknowledgment of affection has been made. It would seem as if time and language were insufficient for all they have to utter. First come low whispers—soft confessions—tenderest protestations—gentlest vows. Then the heart

pours out, from its overflowing abundance, thoughts long garnered up—almost hidden, indeed, until that epoch of joy, from the very souls they secretly consoled. Hopes which had appeared about to take wing, sorrowfully, now gain new existence, and irradiate the beloved with a halo as if its light were stolen from the stars.

Alas, that these first hours of mutually acknowledged love, should so often be its best and purest. Alas, that the heart will resemble the conqueror, who wept because no more was to be won. And yet, such hours—exquisite in the delirium of their sinless enjoyment beyond any that mortality can know—are worth years of dull, cold, commonplace existence. Was it simple happiness that Beatrice and Agrippa now shared? Oh, how inadequate the word to express the feeling! It was delight, chastened by a foreboding (yet scarcely self-known to either) that their future path might be a rugged one—for the heart becomes prophetic of evil, even in the midst of joy; but

then we treat its auspices as if they were uttered by Cassandra.

It was so exquisitely pleasant not only to *know*, but *hear* it, that Agrippa used a soft compulsion to make the maiden repeat again and again, the sweet "I love you!" nor shall we take upon ourselves to say that the welcome confession, rather a murmur than an utterance, was not as often sealed upon the lips which breathed it.

If any one could doubt Byron's deep knowledge of the human heart, let him remember one brief expression in Childe Harold, which speaks of "the strong *necessity* of loving." For love is necessary to humanity as life. The greatest misanthropy, could it be analysed, might appear as an effect, rather than a motive, —not that the heart could not love, but, that, in such instances, it had grown chilled and world-weary, having loved, "not wisely, but too well."

Let the fashions of society vary as they may, the impulses of life are immutable.

Manners change, but Man remains the same. The lofty fane receives new idols in the revolving course of centuries; the desert-waste becomes fruitful and the fertile soil degenerates into a wilderness: laws, customs, nations, shift and vary, but the heart is unchanged in its impulses and its passions, and that which is the least soiled by earthly contact—that which most refines and elevates, is Love. As by the golden chain, which it once was fabled could draw earth up to heaven, so does love draw us nearer to the skies. It at once subdues and stirs the soul. It is the one feeling common to our nature, for it is universal in its effects, and, like death, enters alike the cottage and the palace; it strikes all hearts, from his who energetically acts in the busy scenes of life, to the solitary who lives, with Contemplation, among the illustrious of departed days. Truly, then,

> Love is the centre of the whole
> Bright system amid which we roll;
> Love rules the radiant stars that shine

Around yon moon of argentine.
Love sports amid the zephyrs' play ;
Love floats upon the sunny ray ;
His magic impulses are blent
With the wreck or the calm of each element ;
For earth beneath, and Heaven above
Are ruled by all-prevailing love !

Three centuries ago, the Scholar was a sort of lay Eremite, self-dedicating his powers to the lofty purposes of learning—a zealous ministrant at the altar of knowledge. This class was then comparatively a small one. Some, foiled in worldly ambition, retreated upon study as a means by which to win that knowledge which is power. Some, baffled in the game of life, bore wounded spirits to their retirement and became happier in the endeavour to be wiser. Many were mere pretenders, assuming the name without possessing the endowments of scholarship. But there were some—like Bacon, Trithemius, Savonarola and Agrippa—who cast their hearts into the quest of knowledge, and whose literary acquirements and scientific discoveries prove

that they did not vainly dig into the mine of thought. These were the true devotees—for they loved knowledge for its own sake. Others might use it as the means of gaining worldly wealth or honours; but these men had far loftier and more extended aims. Much, it is true, of their study was unprofitable, (if we judge by the present standard); many of their professions exceeded their ability of performance, but this is certain, if they deceived others it was because they oftener were self-deceived.

To this class, as we have said, Cornelius Agrippa belonged. Circumstances had early thrown him into the bustle of life, but his ardent spirit of inquiry remained unabated, even amid the turmoil of action. At an age when others had reached only the vestibule of knowledge, he had entered her *penetralia.* The desire of distinction had made him yield to the Emperor's wish that he should enter into the military and civil services, but his own inclination was to abandon busy life and resign himself wholly to pursuits for which education and

long habit had well fitted him. We should more properly say, that such had been his inclination before he quitted Inspruck for Venice, but the philosopher of one-and-twenty was not proof, as we have seen, against the attractions of the sex. The "necessity of loving" had made him attached to Beatrice, and, though he saw that to wed her would wholly disarrange all his plans of solitary scholarship, in sooth he did not much regret it. His chief apprehension was that, unaware now of the probable vicissitudes of his future fortunes, she might regret, in after-days, that she had abandoned her present station. To ascertain whether she had considered this, he now addressed her.

"Let us speak of the future, my gentle girl. —You have promised to be mine, and I would not resign that dear assurance for an empire's sovereignty. But I fear that you know little of the cares and struggles of a Scholar's life: that you have not weighed the difference between his difficulties and the station you were born to grace."

"I, who have owned so much to you, dear Carloni, may also own that I *have* made the comparison. You may think me bold—but you encourage me to speak frankly. I have often thought, before this evening, that a Scholar's life might be a hard one; but I may not have contemplated all the difficulties of his situation: name them, and see whether I overrate my power of endurance. Surely, with those we love, even struggles may be pleasant, and cares made light?"

"How, my Beatrice?"

"Has your heart to ask *this* question?—I speak of lightening cares—by sharing them."

She spoke with as much truth as feeling, for she had an intuitive knowledge of one of the sweetest privileges love enjoys. To participate in the sunshine of happiness, is indeed a rich delight, but a deeper and more chastened joy is that right to share, and, by sharing, lessen—the trials of the beloved.

"We Scholars," said Agrippa, "are a peculiar class. We forget the passing time in that which has passed. We have a world of our

own to live in, peopled with the sages, the orators, and the poets of by-gone centuries. Imagination bears us past the limits of space and time, until the heart soars beyond the horizon of man, searches for the secrets of nature, and would fain read the language of the starry heaven. For us, who contemplate the knowledge of the mighty dead—who trace fair science to her sparkling source—who commune with that bright philosophy which has descended to us through many a gifted mind, it is not marvellous if, even as our intellects expand in these proud pursuits, they take a wider scope of action than mere contemplation provides, and launch into experiment and discovery. Valueless would our studies be, if they did not purify, while they enlarged our aims, and make us, forgetting self, strive to accomplish something that may serve mankind. The miseries of a life of action are greater than those of a life of reflection—except when the student betakes himself to authorship, which has the toil of action with-

out its rewards, and the gloom of meditation without its repose. Antiquity bears fewer names, more illustrious, than those of Demosthenes and Cicero, yet amid all the honours which fell upon them—honours prompt, palpable, and permanent—both of them, in the fulness of their glory, recorded their deliberate regret that they had ever entered the field of active ambition. Many a cloud overcasts the contentment of the Scholar; but, in all changes of mood and chances of life, he still has within his grasp the pearl of quiet, and the boon of peace. To him is chiefly given the precious offspring of silent thought—self-knowledge; for in action there is little time or opportunity to look within. But to the reflective mind is given calmly to ponder upon the nature of all things;—to unsphere the soul which abides in the universe, and commune with it;—to know whence and why the world arose, and whether, and how it will pass away;—to apprehend what in it is mortal and transitory, what is divine and eternal;—and to feel

himself the heir of immortality. It is for this, my Beatrice, that we waste our years in the dim chamber and the exhausting study, instead of arming our energies and sending them forth to battle in the excitement of life. It is thus that, leaving the paths of ambition to others, we entrench ourselves, as it were, in the citadel of thought, while our youth and manhood become sere as the leaves in autumn."

"Yet why need this be?" asked Beatrice. "Could you not pursue knowledge without deserting the paths of life, and the pleasures of society?"

"I fear not. We are not suited for the world, nor the world for us. It is in our pursuits that we find our pleasure, and we fear to mar it by looking for it in any but these familiar channels. Chambered up as we are in a sort of unsocial monachism, we have joys no eye can see, no heart can image—but our own. Imagination is our handmaid, and we task her well. Those two great eternities—the revealed

past and the veiled future—are alike open to speculation. We toil for mankind, and the labour is its own great reward. If we fail in the results of this toil, the world knows nothing of it, and we are spared the humiliation of pity. If we succeed, as we sometimes do, in recovering or discovering a truth which can make man happier or wiser, how gratifying is the success. It *is* worth striving for to gain such rewards!"

"Yet, dear Carloni, as these rewards are bestowed as often upon those who do not, as those who do deserve them, methinks your philosophy should view them with more indifference."

"No! The present time may see us cheated of the rewards we may merit, but they fall, sooner or later, where they are deserved. The certainty of this, which, indeed, is part of our philosophy, encourages and consoles us. A benefit conferred upon mankind may not be acknowledged to-day, but posterity—an honest judge—is sure to award the honour where it is

due. Nor is it alone for the sake of the reward that we strive—the consciousness of having conferred the benefit is itself a satisfying reward. A monitor from within thanks us. Nor can I but think that there is some wise ordinance from above which inclines the Scholar to separate from the mass of men — to be among, rather than of them. If some were not thus the pilgrims of the mind, how could thought feed and keep active the flame within? The time may come, in which the Thinkers will be as much esteemed as the Doers. But, at present, the world thinks lightly, or does not think at all, of the debt it owes to its scholars. Erase from a nation's history the names of its historians, philosophers, poets, painters and sculptors, and how much of its glory would be erased also! In all countries, and at all times, they have made immortal memories—but they are like saints, canonized only after their death."

"And is the toil repaid by this prospect of posthumous regard? Would it not be easier

to plunge boldly into the crowd and wrestle for the distinction which may be won by the quick wit, the brave heart, the ardent spirit, and the strong hand?"

"Perhaps it might, said Agrippa, "but the Scholar, if true to his vocation, does not consider fame as the sole, or even the principal aim to be accomplished. Their ultimate view should be the discovery or the diffusion of what may benefit the family of man, by extending the knowledge which civilizes, by making the discoveries that raise humanity nearer to the stars. How majestically do the great ones sweep onward in the march of time. They are not alone in advance of their own age, but of all time to come; behind them lies every possible future! Amid the hushed darkness of the past, their footsteps sound distinct, though distant. The lore they have repeated, or collected, or made, is voiceful after the lapse of evanished centuries. Their earthly pilgrimage may have been clouded and unhappy—pain of body and pain of mind may have afflicted

them—poverty and persecution may have ever companioned them—but they have gone forward to the goal with patient boldness, they have suffered much, toiled much, and executed much, until the sleep of death enfolded them, and the awakening of their fame commences over the narrow bed. Methinks, Beatrice, as I have mused over the grave of one of these, it seemed as if an angel sate upon the stone—for suffering appears to have sanctified them, and cleared away the stains of earth from their souls."

"But where is the necessity that scholarship should involve separation from the world? Why should not the student mingle with his kind?"

"Because, as society is now constituted, he and the world are at variance. For my own part, I should like to conquer this variance, if it may be so permitted. I would rather that the armour of my mind should be battered in the struggle, than that it should wear out, by rusting, from disuse. Not in the green solitude

of the country would I wear away my life, but in the crowded solitude of the city. Let me rather feel the throbbing of man's heart amid the crowd, than dream of it in retirement. The world around us may be glorious; but more glorious is that world within us—the human soul. And only by contact, and struggle, and friendly contrast with others can we gain a glimpse of the mysterious movements of that mighty spirit. Let the Poet haunt the country for green fields and running streams—for the odours of flowers and the songs of birds—for the solemn stillness of the dark forest and the sunny beauty of the peaceful valley; but the Scholar, who searches for the springs of that humanity which makes lovely even the lowest of his kind, should rather pursue his inquiry amid the city's din, where, himself secluded as if he dwelt in a hermit's cell, he may watch the courses and changes—the ebbs and flows of human feelings and passions. He cannot, if he truly devote himself to his art, bear away a single earth-stain upon the wings

of his spirit, stoop they ever so low, while he thus pursues his quest. For he who is true to himself and his art, cannot fall; his steps are supported as by unseen but all-powerful assistants. It is easy to foresee, my Beatrice, as one of the results of Faust's glorious invenvention, that the time may come when Scholars, increasing in numbers, will not only live in the world, but draw their best lore from it. Then, they may read mankind many a subtle and instructive lesson, from what they see, chastened by what they think. At present, there are few who read, and yet fewer who study; but I can judge, that, in the coming time, books will be multiplied so as to reach all classes, and although learned men—deep-searching scholars—may be comparatively fewer than at present, printing, which is now only in its infancy, will then make many writers."

"Will this be soon, dearest Agrippa?"

"Many changes and many years must pass, my fair questioner, before this can take place; and, in the order of events, it is probable that

what I anticipate will be but the prelude to other and mightier changes."

"I wish it could be *now*," whispered Beatrice, "for I should like to see you live in the world like other men, happy as they are."

"We *are* happy, love! but in a fashion of our own. Yet I have sometimes wished that my course were other than it is. For it is a cheerless lot—sometimes. We grow pale over our books—we wear away our health in solitude—we close our hearts against the sweetest sympathies of life, and the mind works out its revenge upon the body, (even as the gem wears out the setting), for we grow old in middle age."

"Now," said Beatrice, "you speak as if—"

"Nay, beloved! finish the fond reproach: —as if *you* had not spoken these sweet words, an hour ago, which have changed the current of my existence. I did but dwell on the darker side of the picture, to prepare you for the very worst. For my own part, I shall venture on the experiment whether a life of study may

not be combined with a life of action. We shall visit foreign lands—we shall see different branches of the great family of man—we snall contrast them, their customs, and their manners, with one another, and with our own—we shall behold the great men who, even now, are furnishing materials for future history—and we shall thus enlarge our minds and prepare them for extending the sphere of their utility. Sometimes, my beautiful! when thought is busy, my bearing may appear cold and my words distraught—sometimes there may be sorrow to encounter, disappointment sometimes; we may have gaunt poverty or bounteous wealth; but of this be certain, amid all fortunes, the love I bear for you will be unchanged, unless time may ripen it into richer maturity."

A pressure of his hand was the acknowledgment for this assurance—for it now needed not words to communicate the sympathy existing between them. Then, while returning to the city, Agrippa more fully explained the objects which had brought him to Venice, and

prepared Beatrice for the probability of his speedy departure. They talked hopingly of the future. But now, to use Croly's beautiful image,

> The yellow dawn
> Wandered along night's borders—like the fawn,
> First venturing from its dappled mother's side;
> A timid bound on darkness, swift withdrawn,
> Then bolder tried again.

Yet, even then, the sound of revelry met their ears as they glided past the quay of the Piazzetta—for it was the custom towards the close of the Carnival, to prolong the festivities until day-break.

In the solitude of her chamber, Beatrice mused upon the events of that night. That love which draws its life from the life that it bestows, was hers to the fullest, and, linked with it, came gentle memories of the past, bright hopes of the future. She now knew who her lover was — she knew that no unknown or unworthy man had won her—and when she met him the next day, though her

cheek might flush, there was nothing of regret in her bosom.

It may be asked, where was the Count at this time? In truth, it is probable that had he been in Venice, the patronage of Art which his daughter had recently undertaken, (so much to her own satisfaction and that of Titian), and her cousin's moonlight excursions on the Lagunes, would scarcely have taken place. But the Seigniory had despatched Petigliano and D'Alvaine on military service, the cause of which we may briefly indicate.

Maximilian had been chosen King of the Romans, in the life-time of his father, the Emperor Frederick the Third. Eight years afterwards, (that is, in 1493), Maximilian succeeded to the dignity of Emperor. The Italians, however, would not concede the Imperial title to him—he was, until crowned in person by the Pope, no more than King of the Romans to them, and the utmost stretch of courtesy was to call him Cæsar. In 1502, he notified to Pope Alexander VI, that he would speedily

present himself at Rome, to claim the coronation, according to custom. He had secretly determined that his visit to Italy should be one of conquest as well as of honour, and the preparations were on a scale befitting an invader rather than a visitor. Hence, when he demanded permission from the Seigniory of Venice to pass through their territory, on his way to Rome, the reply was, that it could not be granted, if he brought with him more than a retinue of state and ceremony. Unwilling to accede to this, which involved the abandonment of his schemes of conquest, Maximilian resolved to strengthen himself by an alliance with France, which would allow him to carry his arms into Italy, and wrest from Venice a portion of her territory. A secret compact, historically known as the Treaty of Blois, was signed in September 1504, betrothing Maximilian's grandson (then in his fifth year, and afterwards the Emperor Charles V) to the Princess Claude, daughter of Louis XII of France, and binding Maxi-

milian and Louis, to what would, in effect, be the dismemberment of the Venetian Republic —sending it back to its ancient limits, and reducing it simply to the condition of a city in the Lagunes. This treaty, however privately framed, speedily became known in Venice, and its expected results were promptly provided for by the sagacity of the Seigniory. Nor was it ever acted upon, for it became a dead letter, in May 1506, by the marriage of Claude of France to the young Count d'Angoulême, who succeeded her father, on the throne, as Francis the First.

Maximilian's desire to receive the Imperial Crown from the hands of the Pope, at Rome, continued unabated—for his aim was to have his son Philip elected King of the Romans, in order that he might succeed to the Imperial dignity, without any trouble. He again solicited the Venetian to grant him a free passage through their territory, but the Seigniory (supported in his policy by France, which was unwilling that he should obtain a footing in Italy)

again refused permission that he should enter their provinces with a powerful army. Thus baffled, he sent four ambassadors to propose a treaty with the Seigniory against France, and offer any security for the good behaviour and peaceable demeanor of his troops in passing through their states. They declined these overtures, representing that it would be much more to his honour and the satisfaction of the Italians, if, imitating the example of his father, he went to Rome, unarmed, to receive the Imperial Crown. This third refusal checked him until the next year (1507), when he called a Diet of the Empire at Constance, where—urging that the King of France wished to dethrone the Pope, give the Tiara to the Cardinal of Rouen, and obtain the Imperial Crown, which the rulers of Germany had long possessed—he announced his own purpose of being crowned at Rome, and of driving the French out of the Duchy of Milan. He thus stirred up the Diet to vote him 8000 cavalry, 22000 infantry (to be paid by the Empire six

months), and a large sum of money to provide artillery. He then made another application to Venice, but received the same denial as before, with the addition that if he entered their dominions with a military array, they would resist force by force. It was before this last interchange of courtesies that Agrippa had arrived at Venice.

After much hesitation and delay, where promptitude should have been exercised, Maximilian threatened Louis of France with the ban of the Empire, and prepared to enter Italy. It was then that Venice—bound by a treaty with France to act in defence of the Duchy of Milan, openly threatened by Maximilian—sent Count Petigliano to Rovero, to keep back any hostile army which might come by Trent, and despatched D'Alvaine into the Friuli, to protect that province from invasion. Thus matters stood, early in the year 1506.

Petigliano's confidence in Agrippa had become so great that, on quitting Venice, his parting words were, "I commend my house-

hold to your care, Signore Carloni, because I feel that I can fully rely upon your honour. Since the death of my only son Lodovico—he fell by my side in battle—I have known no one to whom my affection has so much tended as to you. I shall not doubt that you will guard my daughter and my niece, as if they were of your own blood. You will write to me, if I do not speedily return, and inform me of their health; it is now, on parting, that I feel how very dear they are. Let me know, also, how the grand essay proceeds; it were a pity, now that we have so far advanced favourably, if it were neglected!"

Agrippa had no intention of betraying the confidence thus reposed in him. So, he gave as much of his time as was necessary to the crucibles and tinctures in the Count's laboratory; and so strictly honest was he, that when, with the liberality of her sex, Beatrice gave him her heart, he did not accept it without honourably—giving his own in return.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PAINTER AND HIS ART.

A sunset spirit fell
And dyed his panels all with peerless hues,
Such as no painter else shall e'er excel,
Unless he steals Aurora's own bright dews,
Nor artist match, unless (then who may tell?)
He worship long and late the eternal muse!
'Tis said he brightened Venice with his fame;
And when he died left TITIAN as his name!

BARRY CORNWALL.

A FEW months had elapsed since the fulfilment of that prediction made by Agrippa, and confirmed, in such an impressive manner, by the Astrologer of St. Marks. The decided improvement which, in that brief space, had taken place in the performances of Titian, ex-

cited general notice. Yet, what cause for wonder? The only difference was, that circumstances had at last placed the painter in his true position. He could now follow the suggestions of his own fancy and give the rein to his genius, which he could scarcely have done before. Success made all the difference! He had obtained fame, and dared now to venture upon higher flights by which to extend it. He who merely experiments upon public opinion is checked, more or less, by the feeling that it is necessary, to a certain extent, to follow old rules and be limited by old precedents. He who *has* succeeded may give way, in the confidence which that success gives him, to the natural and unimpeded impulse of his mind. An artist, above all others, must have his powers of volition thus unfettered. His whole soul must be his art—how much Titian's was may be judged from a conversation with Amicia, which we think it worth while to give in part, as it illustrates the lofty respect which the great Painters of Italy entertained for their art.

Titian and Amicia had been conversing, that evening, upon general topics. Some, at least, may understand how and why, with passion swelling in the heart and barely kept from utterance by the lip, it affects to be contented with the lightest and most trivial subjects of conversation. Here were two lovers—for such they were, although the confession had as yet been made only by looks—shunning the very currents of discourse which might be expected to bear them on to the declaration one would as willingly hear as the other utter. But they *feared* that declaration: Titian, from a dread lest he might precipitate that separation which he constantly expected would fix a gulf between them and Amicia (for as yet he knew no more of her, than that this was her name), from a conviction that it was only while the love she coveted remained unconfessed, she might continue the dangerous delight of frequently seeing the lover. Very conscious were they—for love is timid, until it learns that it may be cherished, and fears to breathe a whisper even

when the eyes have anticipated the lips' avowal.

"That will do, Angiola," said she, as that *soubrette* carefully disposed a curl in the exact position the Painter required, — "and you, signore, I wonder whether you will ever finish this portrait. It gives you such infinite trouble, that when I think what pains you must bestow upon your works, I regret that they can endure only for a brief time."

"The works may perish, Signora; but if they have won fame, that fame survives them. The devouring tooth and destroying hand of time snatch away, year after year, some of the charms which the Painter creates or reflects; the bright colours fade—the fine landscape grows faint—the beautiful features or the graceful forms become indistinct, for we have not learned to make painting as permanent as it is lovely—but the memory of what *was* becomes what *is*;—a traditionary glory invests it with a halo through the coming future, and though his works may perish, the artist's name

will live. It is thus that the names of the great painters of antiquity have been preserved, although not a line of what they executed is remaining; and thus, the painters of the present day, if they be worthy, will live in the memory of posterity. It is worth while to labour in this hope—is it not?"

"Rather ask, whether, it is worth while to waste a life-time in quest of that fame which, like the poet's laurel in Mantua, springs from the tomb?"

"Yet," Titian retorted, "for what are *all* bright deeds performed?—for the reward of fame. And what achievements are so harmless as ours? Upon them no widowed mourner groans reproach, no orphaned child deplores them. They are the bloodless triumphs of the mind. If our lives are quiet, our aims are surely lofty. Men perpetually complain that there is little incident in the lives of the painter and the poet. There is little—if we speak of the striking, startling events which make the history of the age and clime, and

bring the man and his deeds at once and for ever before the world. There is much—if we speak of what the human mind suffers and performs; for a glorious picture or an immortal poem is the result of earnest devotion to the art. No matter under what the difficulties, if once seen or appreciated, it supplies matter for thought to the world's mind as grave, as exciting, and as permanent as any of the actions, commonly called great, which scar the forehead of the time. Nor have all the makers of such things lived out of the world, or amid the solitude which, from its very stillness, compels men to think aloud, as it were. But whether in action or in quietude, one thing they learn from experience—whatever the pursuit, they must abide the issue with the patience that complains not, even when it most is tried. The anxiety which they naturally feel must be neither fretful nor feverish. The calmness of its repose bespeaks its intensity. The present hour may invite to impatience—the past emphatically bids men wait. And thus

the issue should be awaited—not complainingly, because of delay; nor tumultuously, because of hope;—but in constant endeavour to be equal, when that issue shall arrive, to whatever it may bring, so that when the occasion comes, the mind-striver may grasp it. The ambition which looks for fame is honourable, but he who toils for fame alone, merits scanty honour. We, whether of the pen or pencil, best do our work when we strive to accomplish it well, without thinking of the world's praise. For that praise will come, not because it is sought, but because it has been deserved. Judge, then, Signora, with what motives we pursue our calling;—bowed, it may be, but not broken by the deferred acknowledgements which, sooner or later, reward the worthy, and cheered, rather than elevated, by that fame."

The calm enthusiasm of Titian was not without its effect upon his auditor. Smilingly she answered, "I have wondered, Signore, at the nature of that principle, seemingly

higher than the abstract love of fame, which prompts the artist to exertion even when hope is dead. You told me not long ago, that thus your own exertions were continued, after you had abandoned all expectation of the success which now worthily crowns them."

He did not immediately reply, for his thoughts ran back to the time when the hope sunk which had long sustained him. Now, how the prospect had changed! At that time he had fancied that if renown were his, he would have no more to covet; but there had arisen other hopes now—for this path leads to the very Alps of human enjoyment, and as each peak of success is attained, it proves to be only the base of another triumph, loftier and nearer heaven!

"The excitement," he said, at last, "of an Artist's life must be felt to be fully understood. The mass of mankind may walk a broader, and more beaten path, but theirs is a vapid existence compared with ours. By the mere power of his will, the Painter shapes chaos into

loveliness, and draws a world of beautiful existences and scenes from its unfathomable depths. His hand, the skilful servitor of his wish, puts upon the canvass, gorgeous palaces, and solemn fanes, and azure skies, and fresh landscapes, and beautiful forms. Does his thought wander back to ancient days or amid the luxurious climes of the East?—the people of the olden time revive, and hither comes the East, breathing richest perfumes. Does he dream of a lone island in a far-off sea?—it rises sparkling from the bosom of the deep, girdled with its zone of weed, its strand silvered with pearly shells, its bounding streams, its lofty trees, its rugged rocks, its flowery vales, its green meadows, and its shady retreats. You enter his apartment:—the panel or the canvass is unstained. You visit him in a month, and lo! the void is void no more! Yon stately palm trees, bathing their copes in the blue beauty of the heavens—that wilderness of flowers, of which you almost fancy the sweet fragrance mounts around you—yon breathing

beauty, the semblance of life and love—*these* fill the canvass, these are his works, these are the quick creations of his plastic hand and teeming fancy. For him does Time bring back the treasures of the past—for him does his own Italy, with her poetic skies and poetic thought, present many a lovely scene; for him does Greece, the glorious! shew her classic streams, her lofty fanes, her marvellous sculptures, her bright memories of former fame! All feed his inspiration, until his pencil is but the minister of truth. Then comes the completion. Does the heart vibrate to his touch? do the wise and the beautiful drink in delight as they gaze on what he has done? Is not that a sufficing guerdon for all pain, anxiety, and care?—For myself, to view objects for my pencil in the world around me, gives interest and variety to the most common scenes. The natural grace of the peasant girl, and the more delicate beauty of the high-born *dama* alike afford me subjects. And then, what an increasing and prolonged delight to see the

beautiful grow beneath my hand, transfused upon the canvass—tint after tint, and touch after touch increasing in resemblance and loveliness—until the whole reveals something for which I may challenge the world's opinion! From the first sketching to the latest touching, the exercise of my Art is full of excitement; the mechanical laborious part, which else might seem wearisome, becomes unheeded, for the day often appears too brief for its exercise; and, wondering that it so soon is past, I regretfully lay aside the pencil, with a hope that the morrow may be longer. Can you then wonder, Signora, why, even when fame does not follow, the artist loves to make constant essay of his skill? While he is thus occupied, he forgets the daily cares that vex him, lives in the sustaining expectation that one day he may win success, and clings to his art to justify to himself (by continued proofs of his mastery over it) his condemnation of the world's coldness, or injustice, or neglect."

Such was Titian's pleading, in favour of his

art. The words may seem full of fanciful enthusiasm to those who *read* them; far different was their effect upon their sole auditor, the gentle girl who delighted in their earnestness. Not in crowds, not for the approving smile of society were they spoken, but in a chambered solitude rich with the trophies of that skill the Painter spoke of, and among which his own were not the least worthy. His language fell upon her ear like poetry—high, thoughtful, impassioned; and, after all, if he had not exaggerated the pleasures of an artist's pursuits, probably he *had* been poetical, for as Campell says—

> Song is but the eloquence of Truth!

We have said that Titian and Amicia *spoke* not of love, although it engrossed their thoughts. Imprudent as the maiden might be in cheating herself with a colourable pretext for often seeing the Painter, she was perfectly aware that the confession of his feelings, (were they such

as she suspected), must terminate their intercourse. Happy, then, as she would have been to know, from his own lips, that he loved her—thus making certain the assurance of her heart and hope—she carefully avoided whatever was likely to lead to the subject. He, too, gratified with present happiness, did not wish to break the spell. As yet he knew no more of Amicia than that she was—Amicia. He saw her lovely, he believed her innocent, (to doubt it were treason to the love which ruled in his heart), and he had never sought to violate his early promise not to inquire as to her condition. He was confident, from many things, that she was "a lady of the land," and for such he knew that a Painter could be no mate. Yet, the more hopeless his passion, the deeper it became. And in this hopelessness and fervour, the poetry which his pen had long neglected—permitting his pencil to express it—again was drawn into exercise; and Song, which once had been a pleasure, now became a solace.

A few days after the conversation we have just recorded, as Amicia paused for a moment outside the inner portal which separated Titian's *studio* from the main corridor, she heard him singing, very mournfully, to the slight accompaniment of his mandolin. She paused to listen, and, as the door was not entirely closed, was able to hear the burthen of his strain.

TITIAN'S SONG.

As the stream glideth on to the depths of the ocean,
  Now dancing in sunshine, now lost in the earth—
So glideth for ever that tide of emotion
  Which swells in this heart for thy beauty and worth.
With a measureless speed forward bounds the glad river
  To mix in the swell of the on-dashing wave,
While the tide of my love rolls its current for ever,
  Sad, hopeless, and dark—for its bound is the grave.

Bright shineth yon star in the heaven before thee,
  A beautiful gem on the brow of the Night!
And so, in this heart, which but throbs to adore thee,
  Thine image aye sheds o'er its darkness a light.
But oh! like yon planet thus beaming above thee,
  Too distant and cold all thy brilliancies are—
Yet still, though I know it is madness to love thee,
  Let me gaze on thy smiles and adore thee afar.

It was not the execution of this simple lay, nor the sweetness of the air, nor the melody of the verse, that struck into the heart of the unseen listener—for these she did not heed—but it was the deep and pathetic feeling they expressed. We cannot deny that her eyes filled with tears, for it was not for her young heart to doubt that *she* was the object of the Painter's song. Yet, while the tear drops fell, what a new gush of feeling filled that heart!—joy and hope mingling in one sun-tinted stream of delicious certainty. SHE WAS BELOVED. That brief sentence tells much—tells all. A Woman—her aspiration was for happiness. The longing for some one ever near—serenely superior, yet human—wiser, better, graver, than herself—through whom fame would pass, softened and reflected, such was the vague dream of her heart, and *now* she knew that part of it was fulfilled—SHE WAS BELOVED!

Amicia entered the *studio*, and Titian's melancholy vanished before the winning smile which now illumined her beauty.

"My portrait," said she, "lingers so long upon your easel, that I must impose some penalty to punish the delay which keeps your pencil from worthier tasks, and to induce your industry to greater exertion in future. Which shall it be, Signore, a song or story? I think I heard the sound of song as I was entering your dwelling?"

"My song would be all too rude for you, Signora.—Yet," said he, gravely, "I shall execute in earnest the task you would impose in jest. I shall tell you a tale of the olden time, when Love prompted the bright deeds which Chivalry performed—of the gallant time, when, all distinctions levelled by the master-passion, the humble minstrel might sue for the smile of the brightest beauty—of the happy time, when, touched by the fervour of a faith which deemed life valueless in comparison with Love, the most illustrious might bend from her pride of place, and, quitting the palace for the cottage, be rich in empire over a faithful heart. I shall tell you a true, sad tale of that

time, when birth was nothing in the scale against affection, and the nobility of Rank did not disdain the nobility of Genius, but the proudest joyed to cast aside their trappings of state, simply content with becoming happy women, loving as beloved!"

"Ah," murmured Amicia, mournfully, "theirs was the better choice, and surely that was a happy time."

"It is the story of Jaufré Rudel, the Provençal poet," said he;—"a tale, of which every particular is true, and yet seldom has fiction related a more romantic one. Petrarch has celebrated Rudel's fate in his *Trionfo d'Amore*,* but it needed not this to render immortal the name of THE PILGRIM OF LOVE."

* "Giaufre Rudel ch' uso la vela e 'l remo,
A cercar la sua morte."

CHAPTER X.

JAUFRÉ RUDEL, THE PILGRIM OF LOVE.

Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.
It is to be all made of sighs and tears;—
It is to be all made of faith and service;
It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes,
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance.

SHAKSPEARE.

"I NEED scarcely inform you, Signora, that throughout Europe the middle ages were unhappily sunk in the darkness of ignorance, and the dawn which heralded a brighter day proceeded from the genius of Provençal song. Not in vain did the Troubadour live, for they awakened Mind from the trance in which it had lain for centuries. Not in vain their lays,

(though thankless Posterity reviled them as far too passionate for common life), for they appealed to the tenderest sympathies of the heart, and infused the lofty courtesy of Chivalry into the rude manners of the times. The Troubadours, who sang of war and love, should not be slightly or slightingly estimated by the present standard of thought or action. They had no guide but their own taste, no inspiration but their own feelings. Passionately devoted to Woman, her charms were their best excitement, her smiles their richest reward. They poured fervid thoughts into melodious song, and the strains sank deep into warm and thoughtful hearts. This was Poetry in its simplest form, and these men were Poets.

"Among the Troubadours of Provence, in the twelfth century, none was more celebrated, in his day, than Jaufré Rudel. His life was poetry in action. Belonging to the princely house of Blaye, he was educated in all the learning and accomplishments of his station. Early in life he became a soldier, and after a

hard fought battle in which he turned the tide of victory by the gallant capture of the enemies' principal standard, was knighted on the field. But the war speedily was ended, and—for such an active spirit could not brook to be idle—he now began to cultivate the minstrel's art. He became a Troubadour, and the fame which Jaufré Rudel's sword had won, grew greater from his songs. The nobles of Provence, whose equal he was by birth and achievements, crowned his minstrelsy with praise; the fair, whose beauty he delighted to celebrate, gave smiles and favour to the warrior-poet; the people, who honoured his heroic valour, sang his lays at their public festivals and in their private resorts—all hailed him as first among Provençal Troubadours.

"Of a mind less imaginative than his, renown such as this would have gratified the highest ambition. But Rudel panted for affection rather than fame. Of praise, he had enough:—his subtle spirit required companionship of heart, and longed for some womanly excellence like that which, in his song, he loved

to celebrate. His desires were not the desires of the worldlings around him, his aims were not their aims. The soul of his life was love, and the desire, without a palpable object, breathed itself into his poetry. His was that purer passion which throws grace and refinement upon all it touches, and its constant thought was—did the earth contain such beauty of mind and person as fancy constantly brought before him in soft dreams?—aye, in dreams, which are the mythology of poetry, more admired than believed. So much did these thoughts engross him, that, while they gradually imbued his poetry with a more graceful and tender sentiment than had hitherto belonged to it, it made his bearing so melancholy and abstracted, that his friends feared some heavy misfortune must have assailed his mind: some even dreaded that his reason was warped. The poet lives in a world of his own, and all who cannot understand how he becomes imparadised there, account him mad. You smile, Signora, but so it is.

"His mind thus fevered, Rudel happened to be present at the marriage of a Provençal poet, with whom he was intimate. Among the gallants there assembled, were some who had travelled to far lands, and all of these spoke, with admiring enthusiasm, of the loveliness, wit, and grace of Melisenda, Queen of Tripoli, a maiden of merit so rare that the perfections of the Woman were considered more enviable than the pomp and power of the Monarch. As Rudel listened to their praises, his pulses quickened at the thought that a woman like her—the very poetry of being—was such as had long formed the engrossing desire of his soul. One of the knights, who had lately returned from Antioch, had been a conqueror in an essay of arms at the court of Queen Melisenda, and received, as the prize of the tournay, her portrait richly set in jewels, and rendered more valuable by having been placed round his neck by her own hands. He handed this to some of his friends who were curious to see it, and it passed into Rudel's hands. One glance

at that limned loveliness—the minstrel's fate was sealed.

"Pressing ardent kisses on the miniature, he kept gazing upon it until, unconsciously, tears filled his eyes. Then, carried away by the transport of his passion, he snatched up his lute, improvised a descant of admiration on the beautiful unseen, and concluded with a solemn dedication of his heart and harp to the Queen of Tripoli, vowing a pilgrimage to her, as one sainted by her beauty and her worth. He then returned the picture—the lineaments were graven on his heart! The fervour of the verses—their lyrical sweetness—their exquisite tenderness, engrossed the attention of the company, and Rudel departed, almost unobserved, while the spell was on them.

"Days, weeks, months passed on, but the Troubadour did not return. Men would have deemed him dead, but that, ever and anon, some passionate lay in honour of the lovely Melisenda found its way through Provence, giving assurance that Jaufré Rudel was yet alive, and

that love was inspiring his poetry with even more truthful earnestness than had formerly distinguished it. He no longer drew upon fiction for a theme, or tasked fancy for a thought —his songs were now full of the most touching and truthful tenderness—they reflected, as in a mirror, the feelings which were now so paramount in his bosom.

"A ship was bound for Tripoli, conveying a goodly company of fair ladies and gallant knights, the beauty and chivalry of Provence. The Queen of Tripoli was a Christian, and had announced throughout Christendom that she would hold a joust or tournament at her court. Thither this barque was bound. Auspicious breezes filled the sails, speeding her course across the waves; and amid songs of love and sounds of revelry, gentle whispers of affection were sometimes breathed—a soft under-current of hope and passion amid the crash of armour and the talk of knightly feats.

"But all sounds, loud or gentle, were suddenly hushed—for there arose a strain of sweet,

sad melody—low as a whisper—which fell audibly on the ear as if it had been breathed in the silent hush of twilight in a leafy forest. There were minstrels in that gallant company, but from none of them came that exquisite lay—so full of passionate pathos, so touching in its sentiment, so musical in its flow—to which, as with universal consent, every one paused to listen. The crimson radiance of the setting sun illumined all the West, leaving a long line of golden light upon the watery expanse—the good ship pressed gladly forward before the swelling breeze—all that gay company appeared merry, if not happy, when that low, sad song fell upon their hearts and stilled them into listening silence.

"Upon the deck, by the vessel's stem, reclined one, yet in the bloom of manhood's years, upon whose face misery had deeply sank her furrows. The coarse habit of a pilgrim was cast over his wasted form. By the fitful wildness of his glance—the thin, worn face—the emaciated limbs—his cheek's hectic flush—and

his difficult breathing, it was easily seen that Death would speedily close his mortal course: —whatever was the bourn of his journey, it would speedily be reached, or never. The ruddy hues of sunset flushed his features into an expression almost more than human—as if, ere the soul departed, heaven's loveliest light had already illumined that countenance with glory from the better land. As he fitfully touched the lute, the companion and solace of his wanderings, he was recognized by some who had known him in other days. His voice, though weak, was heard in that silence, and not a whisper broke from the listeners, who now knew that the dying pilgrim before them was the wreck of the once gay Troubadour, Jaufré Rudel.—The story of his vow was well known, and they readily surmised that, intent upon fulfilling it, he was now bound for Tripoli. In this, his latest lay (it is yet extant), he contrasted the success and the failure of love, its joy and sorrow, its perils and delights—and many a bright eye was filled with tears, and

many a manly heart was subdued to sorrow, as that melancholy melody went on, as true and sad a song as ever Love had made! When he had concluded, with a passionate tribute to the beauty of the Queen of Tripoli, the knights gathered around him, assuring him of their deep sympathy, and tendering him offers of their best assistance.

"'You know,' said he, with the low-voiced earnestness of a dying man, 'you know that I have a solemn vow to accomplish. I charge you, as you are christian men and true knights, to convey me to Tripoli, that I may satisfy these eyes, ere they close for ever, with the breathing beauty of Queen Melisenda.' One of the knights stepped forward, on this appeal, laid his hand upon the cross at the hilt of his sword, and swore that the request should be complied with. A faint smile brightened Rudel's countenance, and he signed the thanks he was now too weak to utter.

"His only attendant (a Trouveur who had followed him from gentle pity) then told them

how, as an order had been issued to prevent his embarkation at a provincial port, Rudel had traversed on foot the greater part of the seaboard of Spain, in search of a ship bound for Tripoli; what severe toils he had undergone—to what voluntary poverty he had submitted—what anxiety had affected him, all of which, making the fever of his mind subdue the strength of his body, had reduced him to the miserable state in which they now saw him. All needful attentions were immediately and fully afforded; restoratives were administered, the gentle hand of Woman smoothed the pillow of his lowly rest, but Rudel knew that his sands were nearly run. He merely pointed to the South — his only words were 'Tripoli. Tripoli!'

"The ship soon reached the port. Rudel was carefully conveyed on shore on a litter. It was suggested that he should be carried to one of the dwellings provided for the knights; but a leech who saw him, declared that further removal would cause immediate death. So, he

remained in the lowly cottage of a fisherman, while the knight who had given the promise to him, on board ship, took it in charge to acquaint the Queen of Tripoli with his arrival.

"During his wanderings, as I have told you, Rudel had composed many lays in praise and honour of this lovely lady. They had been distributed not only through his own country, but had reached her Court. There, the arts of poetry, in common with other graceful tastes of the time, were held in high esteem—there, the name and merits of Jaufré Rudel, the Troubadour, were known and prized—there, through his lays, the youthful Queen had learned the passion that he entertained for her, and yielding to the feeling which such love must excite, her heart secretly cherished a deep interest for one so accomplished, so romantic, and so devoted. It was even in the hope of attracting *him* to her presence, that she had announced the tournament.

"She was much affected, even to tears, when informed of his arrival and illness. An in-

terest yet warmer and more spirit-stirring than she had ever felt before now sprung into being, and it was with a flushed cheek, and anxious eye, and throbbing brow, that she hastened to the port. Rudel lay in the fisher's hut; the knightly companions of his voyage stood around his humble couch, and he spoke no word, for his strength was nearly exhausted. The Queen entered the lowly dwelling, and, forgetful of all but the love he bore her, knelt by his side, took his thin, cold hand in hers, pillowed his head with her arm, and kissed his wan, dewy brow. Yielding yet more to the sympathy which the sight of his sad condition increased, 'Live!' she exclaimed, 'live for her in whom your passion and your song have awakened a like passion! At your feet, I lay down my honours, my crown—share them with me, and with them share my heart!'

"The dying Troubadour raised himself with some difficulty, and looked into her mournful, lovely face, as if, in that long glance, he would gaze his soul away—looked at her bright eyes,

now filled with tears for him, and said, 'I can die happy, for my vow is fulfilled, and Heaven is my sight. I am thine, bright Saint! Farewell!' The Queen bowed her head before him in an agony of grief—their lips met—it was their first and last embrace. At that moment the spirit took its heavenward flight; all that was mortal of the enamoured Poet had passed away in that kiss of love.

"The festivities were at an end. The Troubadour was honoured with the pomp of a royal funeral; his ashes were interred in the House of the Templars at Tripoli. The Queen followed the bier of that true lover, as the chief mourner. She did more — she resigned her crown—she entered a convent, and annually, on the return of Rudel's death-day, solemn masses were celebrated for his soul. When she died, the ashes of the Troubadour were placed in the same grave with hers.

"Such, Signora, is the story of Jaufré Rudel, whose name has been enshrined in the deathless poetry of Dante and Petrarca. Such was the life, and such the death of him who, in the re-

cords of romance, is ever named as THE PILGRIM OF LOVE."

Amicia was affected, even to tears, by this simple tale. She felt, even while she wept, that delicious luxury of grief which Coleridge so well described when, speaking of Genevieve, he said,

> She loves me best whene'er I sing
> The songs that make her grieve.

Nor, at the moment, could she check the involuntary thought, that, if Titian loved her, thus would he prove the depth of his affection, by fidelity even until death; and were *her* station as exalted as that of the lovely Queen of Tripoli, thus too would she have descended from that haughty state—if it were descending to gain the sovereignty of a fond and faithful heart! Nor was the tale less grateful to her, because she suspected that he had thus taken the opportunity of shadowing forth his own feelings, for

> The deep, the low, the pleading tone
> With which he told another's love
> Interpreted his own.

With the shadows of doubt departing from her brow, and the light of love within her heart, with a clear and lustrous beam, she smiled through her tears, as she said—yet in no mirthful tone, for her feelings had been greatly moved, "It is a sad, sweet tale, Signore; a tale whose essence is poetry. I could have wished that the lovers had lived."

"Rudel had this consolation, ere he died," said Titian; "he knew that he was loved, and with a tenderness which sufficed to atone for the misery of that death. And oh, how much better was it to die, with such a blessed consciousness, than to live on, the prey of anxiety and doubt, the victim of an engrossing passion, without the courage to declare it—without the hope that, if declared, it would be pardoned and returned. Let me repeat for you a portion of one of Jaufré Rudel's songs, touching on this very subject."

Reading assent in Amicia's looks, he repeated, with occasional accompaniment from the mandolin,

THE TROUBADOUR'S ANATOMY OF LOVE.

Oh, beautiful it is for Youth
  To form some hope-built shrine,
Where the glad heart its chosen one
  May worship as divine;
And sole and secret offering make
  To meet the loved one's vow,
While every glance of hers doth send
  Love's heart-flush to his brow.
The doubt—half-joy and half-despair,
  For it partakes of each;
The hope—which amid Passion's gloom
  Aspirings high can teach;
The prayer—half-spoken, and half-sighed,
  To link her heart with his;
The look—which is *her* sole reply
  His certainty of bliss!

And what to them has life beside,
  While Love's glad hopes remain?
While earth is smiling, in her pride,
  As if it knew no pain:
The sky, so beautiful above—
  The waves so calm beneath—
The world but one bright dream of love,
  No augury of death.

"Shall I continue, Amicia—dear Amicia?" It was the first time he had ever thus addressed her. A scarcely heard, "Si, Si, Signore!" and the strain was resumed.

For them the Sun gives all his shine,
  The birds their thrilling song;
And these hearted dreamers think, for them
  Life cannot be too long.
They mark the cloud-isles floating by
  In the calm and azure air,
And ask—"If, in yon glorious sky,
  The heart-god, Love, be there?
For even Heaven itself, without
  His presence, were despair!"
And Pleasure, on his starry wings,
  Flies with them evermore;
And Joy her portals open flings
  To yield them all her store;
And Love makes glad the gentle air,
While whispers make sweet music there.

"Such," said Titian, "is the sunshine—now, Signora, for the shadow."

But he who loves, and loves in vain,
Whose thoughts unconsciously are pain;
Whose changing cheek and frequent sigh,
And quickened pulse and flashing eye,
Tell, when *her* presence brightly comes,
  His bosom's sad unrest—
Oh, torture's self were better than
  The anguish of his breast;
A sorrow Time cannot destroy,
  A memory unforgot;
The spectre pale of buried Joy
  For ever near him brought;

One wildering pang through day and night,
  A pain for future years ;
A flame that never knows decay,
  Nor can be dimmed by tears—
Like the quick Grecian flame that gave
Its fiercest flame beneath the wave!

The strain was ended. But now Amicia did not venture an opinion upon the lyric. Fearful of an explanation, which, as the song and story alike seemed to indicate, might lead to the avowal she dreaded and desired, she felt that now her only resource was in flight. Perhaps, too, she was aware that, at the moment her heart was more touched than it ought to be. "It grows late," said she, starting from her seat: "the time has hurried on, and I should have been away long ago. May I request, Signore, that you will summon my attendant?"

"One moment!" said he, passionately addressing her—"but one word, lady. Do you not guess what I would say?"

"Oh, not now! not now, Signore." She hurriedly passed him, and advanced to the door.

Pausing there, for an instant, to take leave, she could not avoid observing the disappointment which now pervaded Titian's countenance. Will you blame her, if she added, "Let us part fair friends, Signore. To-morrow is the close of the Carnival, and I shall not be able to return hither during the six weeks of Lent, if, indeed, I return at all."

"Ah, Signora, the greater cause for me to lament your departure now! If I might entreat—"

"What would you ask?" said she, not venturing to raise her eyes towards his which she *felt* were intently fixed upon her. "What may the entreaty be? None, I hope, that I may not hear?"

"It is only this, Signora—to know whether you shall be among the masquers in the Piazza, this evening? The fair dames of Venice will be there in thousands, and will you not join them?"

"Indeed, I do not know. And yet," she added, musingly, "it is a common custom.

But you could not recognise me! Well, Signore, if I *am* there, you will know this flower," and she took a rose-bud from a vase upon the table next her. "Alas!" she exclaimed, "how idly have I spoken—far too hastily. It is better not meet you—better that we never meet again!"

But Titian used such gentle and prevailing arguments, that the lady—more than half-persuaded ere he spoke—gave her promise to be in the Piazza, at the third hour after sunset, that evening, and to wear that rose, by which, despite her masque, he might recognise her. She went away, and Titian determined that when he next saw her—and a few hours would bring the meeting—he would confess to her the fullness and sincerity of the passion which her beauty, her innocence, and her accomplishments had awakened.

CHAPTER XI.

A GLANCE AT THE CARNIVAL.—THE LETTER.

Of all the places where the Carnival
  Was most facetious in the time of yore,
For dance, and song, and serenade, and ball,
  And masque, and mime, and mystery, and more
Than I have time to tell now, or, at all,
  Venice the bell from every city bore.

BYRON.

A letter—and what then? It tells no tale
Of soft affection, and beseeching love,
Of pleading passion, of eternal faith:
A few lines brief and hurried—nothing more.
Yet doth the maiden love to read the lines,
Yet doth her cheek grow rosy as she reads,
Yet doth she seek some solitary nook
Where, unobserved, she still may read again,
That which hath grown into her memory.
Be sure she loves—be sure that in the scroll
Her young imagination fondly finds
Confession dear, and love reciprocal.

THE Carnival of Venice!—what a throng of recollections crowd upon the mind at these

words: we think of the brilliant shew as it was when

> Venice yet was dear.
> The pleasant place of all festivity,
> The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!

Although the Carnival was also observed in other cities of the South, how little do we hear of it, out of Venice? At the very name, in connexion with that locality, how many associations arise! It is identified, in our minds, with mirth and revelry—with music and masquing—with romance and passion—with all that the most luxurious people, of a time and clime curious in "inventions of delight," could assemble to create and stimulate enjoyment. It was a scene and season when the heavy heart threw aside the care that pressed it—when Beauty was glad with smiles bright as the skies of her own delicious clime—when youth whispered the gentlest words, in the blandest tones, and whisperered not in vain—when mystery threw a veil over the grosser features of passion, softening them by concealment—

when even Virtue's frown relaxed as she viewed what looked so like the semblance of happiness —when pomp and poverty met, as on a neutral ground, to quaff from pleasure's fountain.

Commencing shortly after Christmas, the Carnival did not conclude until *Martedì grasso*, the eve of the Quaresima, or season of Lent. Its opening was coldly formal as the first hour at a festival where the guests are unacquainted. As it advanced, something like excitement sprung up; but it was not until the last ten days, when the scene was closing, that all Venice was literally in the *estro* of enjoyment. During this latter period, the reign of folly and of frolic continued through the day and night—none but masques were to be seen in the Piazza, little heard on the Lagunes but music. Business was wholly suspended, as by common consent. Pleasure was the universal pursuit—from the subdued follies of the patrician to the louder but more sincere jollity of the *pescatore*. Intrigue, in all its varieties, was almost as prevalent—from the secret sin of the high-

born dama, to the scarcely concealed licence of her, whose bold eye, painted cheek, meretricious adornment, and free speech, indicated the utter abandonment of woman's modesty. It was at such a time that the national character of the Venetians exhibited itself in the most conflicting and varying phases. There were alternating gleams of deep feeling and of callous recklessness—of true passion and selfish sensuality—of the noblest and the meanest feelings. But amid and above all, was that frivolity, which, more or less, distinguished Venice then, even like Paris now. Not that, when occasion required, the Venetians had not grave and intense feelings, but they kept them as they kept their holiday suits, until they were required for use. Such minds as could not be all subdued by this Circean atmosphere took to letters or science. But these were few, for by far the greater number of the Venetian cavaliers were sensualists, who substituted gallantry for love, and wasted their lives in its vapid prosecution. They were as much

to be pitied as blamed, if, like the same class in other places, they mistook the shadow for the substance, and thought that, while following the idle fantasies of the head, they were indulging the pure affections of the heart. It was part of the State policy of Venice to permit, and even to encourage, the pleasures of the Carnival and the vices they matured into fruition. Through the senses they would degrade the soul;—in the expectation, there is reason to believe, that, in such enthralment, all, from the *nobile* to the *mendicante* might lose the consciousness of the tyrannic power which swayed the Republic at will.

At this season, then, was very little moral restraint, especially over that sex whose weakness is their charm and should be their protection. At other times, at least the decencies of life were observed in Venice, but during the Carnival, an almost unfettered licence was permitted and practiced. The masque, which it was death for any hand forcibly to remove, was the shield for every sin.

Now, on the penultimate evening of the Carnival, Amicia and her attendant proceeded to the Piazza, each wearing a bahute (or small domino) to conceal her face, and such other sufficient attire as made each of them resemble a Cittadina. There were hundreds of ladies there before them, for few were indifferent to the delights of that festal time. One, among the many, was confused by the noise, and crush, and licence of the place. She had arrived before the appointed hour, when she expected to be recognised, by Titian's rose bud, which she wore upon her breast, and, whatever emotions filled her heart with the anticipation of that meeting's result, it was impossible to be in the midst of a scene so splendid and so novel, and behold it with indifference.

Thousands of masques passed by; some with the quib and jest—others with the ready retort and sarcasm. In one place, an improvisatore poured out his verses with a rapidity which could best be accounted for by the suggestion that he drew upon memory rather than inven-

tion :—in another quarter, the athletes grotesquely formed their living pyramid; close to the church of St. Mark, a fortune-teller had located herself, and was predicting to those who consulted her all manner of happiness—graduated according to the fee she received. In one place slowly stalked a cavalier in the robes of a Carmelite, and not far off might be seen a monk in the attire of a Cavalier. There glanced a wanton, plying her dreadful vocation, with a voice of merriment and a heart that sickened at its own mockery of mirth—by her side, and within hearing of her language, was the bride of yesterday. Mingled together in that moving mass, were the hot sailors of the gallies, and the haughty Lansquenettes of Dalmatia—the gay gondolier and the stately noble—the proud city-dame and the buxom *Contadina* — the northern merchant and the Greek dealer — the senator and the servant — the *avvocato* and the priest—Turk, Jew, and Christian—in short, the motley from all places, in the garb of all countries. Looking through the arch which

forms the passage from the Piazza to the Merceria, new varieties of these groups were visible, and, to suit the fancies of the lower classes, stages were erected at either extremity, on which, at the expense of the State, fancifully attired mountebanks exhibited their amusing or wondrous feats. Pantaloon and Harlequin made mirth, in this their proper birth-place—and the Indian juggler threw his balls, or eat fire, or swallowed his knife to the delight of applauding audiences. Who, beholding such amusements in that place, could guess that they stood in the very centre of the mart of Venice. Yet the Merceria (as the name indicates) was the centre of commerce, and, at other than this Carnival time, the air was odorous with musk, ambergris, and other perfumes from its shops, which (ranging up both its sides) were daily tapestried with cloth of gold, damask, and other rich silks, embroidered lace, costly arras from Flanders, rich velvets from Genoa, and fine linen from Britain, suspended from the balconies that crowded each of these places

of sale. And who, speaking of the Merceria, could omit mentioning the innumerable cages of nightingales (for whose strains the Venetians had an especial liking) hung all around, from which came such sweet and frequent notes of exquisite melody—as the Italian nightingales sing by day as well as by night—that as an old traveller writes, "you had but to shut your eyes, and, listening to the sweet music of these birds, you would fancy yourself in the forest solitudes of the country, instead of in an island-city in the midst of the sea."

But now the third hour from sunset sounded, and Amicia was close to the little Loggetta, at the base of the Campanile, where she had led Titian to expect that he might see her. Alas for hope and love!—the Painter did not come. Yet, Amicia waited—oh, how wearily—for more than another hour, and while she thus kept tryst, the scene which, a little before, had first bewildered and then delighted her, lost all its charm. It was with a heart heavier than it had ever been before, that—vexed with

Titian for his absence, and angry with herself for having ever sought the spot—she told her attendant, whom she had shrunk from making her confidant, that they must return home. The *soubrette* would gladly have remained, but knew it was useless to resist the command of her mistress. With some difficulty, and not without being impeded by several attempts to engage them in conversation, they made way through the much increased and increasing crowd, reached their gondola, and were speedily in the Petigliano palace, without their absence or entrance having been observed by any.—Would you ask why Beatrice was not at hand to receive the fair wanderer? Know it was on this same evening that Agrippa had won from her the sanction of his love, and the confession of her own, as related in a previous chapter of these most faithful records.

A restless pillow and uneasy slumbers were so little calculated to ease Amicia's mind, that —piqued at having been induced to subject herself to the humiliation of disappointment—

when the morning light dawned in upon her, she had made a thousand admirable resolutions to forget the Painter (if she could), but certainly not again to see him. She turned her again to rest, and with such success this time, that she arose in a relenting mood—the happy effect of "rosy dreams and slumbers light." It was under the soft influence of this better feeling that she resolved to give Titian one more sitting—especially as she should not see him again until after Lent had passed—and thus, without confessing that she had been weak enough to expect his presence among the masquers on the preceding evening, learn what had kept him away, and what apology he would plead. So, anticipating her usual time by nearly an hour, she proceeded with Angiola to the Painter's dwelling. During that brief voyage what a delicious day-dream did the maiden cherish! She determined to be so distant, and so cold, until (as she was sure he could) Titian had completely explained away his neglect of the preceding evening; she would even affect indifference at the explanation—

then she would gradually return to her usual tone and manner of friendly acquaintanceship —she might even listen to what he had to say, just to tell him that she feared their love was hopeless—and then—but it would be impossible to imagine half of what she might hear and say, what she would reprove or do!

They reached Titian's abode, but Amicia noted, with surprise, that all the windows were closed, and learned, with a sharp pang, as the result of her attendant's inquiries, that Titian had departed for Terra Firma, on the preceding day, almost immediately after she had quitted him. Tears—quick, passionate tears filled her eyes: how bitterly they flow when their spring is on the heart! Had her affections indeed been won—rejected—trifled with? Was she of so little moment to him who had seemed to hang upon her every word and look, as if they were the oracles of fate, that while he had beguiled her into what, however innocent, certainly was an assignation, he was about quitting Venice without again seeing her, nor thought it worth his while to acquaint her with his

approaching and immediate departure? Not to know whither he had gone—how soon he might return—not a line, a message, a word! Was ever lady so wronged or so coldly treated? And then the conviction, forced upon her now by strong Circumstance, that in promising to meet him on the preceding evening, she had shewn him that he was not indifferent to her. No matter how harmless the nature of that promise—and she had made it in all innocence of heart—she felt that she had done wrong in giving it. And *this* was the punishment! She bent her head down, in utter sorrow, and wept bitterly, for she was now alone and unobserved —Angiola having again quitted the gondola, and being occupied in conversation with the old crone, deaf and stupid, who had been placed in charge of the Painter's rooms.

Let those who, when hope sat highest, have known the pangs of disappointment and desertion,

> Such as press
> The life from out young hearts,

fancy what a whirl of agitated feelings now shook Amicia's soul. We confess our inability to describe it. But reflection followed quick on the footsteps of wounded pride and ruffled feeling, suggesting many an excuse for Titian's conduct—even that which had so much grieved her. For love is a most apt apologist, and always gives the culprit "the benefit of the doubt."

Angiola returned to the gondola, and presented a small packet, simply addressed "To the Signora Amicia," saying that, having with much difficulty made the old woman admit her into the Painter's *studio*—feeling persuaded it was impossible he *could* have quitted Venice without any communication for her mistress—she had found that packet upon the table, and on shewing it to the crabbed attendant, whose temper and countenance had alike been spoiled by time, was testily informed that had she inquired for *that* missive, it would have been handed to her at once. Sending a liberal largesse to the impracticable old dame, Amicia

had some difficulty in refraining from opening the packet before Angiola—rather to the disappointment of that inquisitive tirewoman, who never felt comfortable until she had arrived at the kernel of any and every thing bearing the appearance of a secret.

Amicia was no sooner alone than, to prevent intrusion, she hastened to fasten the door, and then, with an anxiety which can scarcely be deemed unnatural, broke the seal of the little packet. It contained a brief letter as follows:—

"The Signora Amicia has a right to know that a sudden summons has called me to Cadore—a summons so peremptory, caused by the dangerous illness of a dear relative, that delay or evasion were alike useless and unworthy. Thus, should she keep that promise which I hoped, only an hour ago, might make or mar the happiness of my life, she may know that my absence is caused neither by discourtesy nor indifference. Uncertain whether these lines shall meet her eye—for they are written

with but a slender hope of reaching her, I refrain from expressing in this manner what, to herself I never said—in words. Let me trust that she will think less of the presumption which thus addresses her than of the truth of my regard. Let me entreat her to believe that neither absence, nor time, nor aught but death itself can erase her image from the heart of

TIZIANO VECELLI."

He had *not* forgotten her? They might meet again—nay, *he* hoped it. And while her heart was upbraiding him as cold and neglectful, he was bound on a mission to the bed of sickness. Would he not think of her in that absence? His letter was merely one of courtesy, in the apprehension that it might fall into other hands than hers, but in its closing sentences she could find a gentle acknowledgement, which told her she was loved. If now again she wept, the tears were not caused by sorrow, and Titian grew the dearer to her from absence, and from the knowledge that her

thoughts had wronged him. It was an inexpressible relief, too, to feel that he remained ignorant whether she had kept the appointment he had tempted her to make—for, the more she thought of it, the more was she afraid that there was a want of delicacy in the step. She was now reconciled to herself, for *he* did not know that she had been so indiscreet as to take it.

It is only necessary to state, in explanation of that part of Titian's letter which announced the cause of his abrupt departure, that immediately after he had parted from Amicia, on the preceding day, his uncle Antonio came to acquaint him with the dangerous illness of Conte Vecelli, who resided at Cadore. The old man, anxious to see his son Antonio and his grandson Tiziano before he died, had so earnestly intimated that desire, that a messenger was instantly despatched to summon them to Cadore, and it was intimated that their journey must be immediate if they hoped to find the old man alive. Under such circum-

stances Titian could not decline his uncle's proposal that they should set out, without an hour's delay, and he thus had time—even had he known where the lady lived—for no more than to write the brief note Amicia had received. There was a chance—and only a chance—that she might call upon him the following day, so, (even at the risk of her not receiving it, or of its falling into other hands), he risked that general expression of his feelings which, as we have seen, was the source of so much gratification to Amicia. When he arrived at Capo del Cadore, he found his grandfather dangerously ill. But the lamp of life continued to burn on, although but fitfully, for many weeks, and it was the month of May, before the old man died. This delayed Titian in Cadore, but he devoted himself, during his stay there, to the almost exclusive study of landscape, and this more readily, as at the desire of the Signore Andrea Loredano (the Doge's uncle,) he had engaged to paint the Flight into Egypt, for the Church

of St. Marcula at Venice. In that composition, which he executed immediately on his return, it was noticed that the distant landscape, and the wood with animals (all of which he had painted from Nature) surpassed any thing of a similar character ever before seen in Venice.

CHAPTER XII.

A RENCONTRE.

However, I put on as assured a countenance as I could Indeed, I had spoken sufficiently well of the royal person to feel very little apprehension at having unconsciously paid so slight a respect to the royal dignity.

BULWER'S DEVEREUX.

THE course of our story brings us now to different scenes, and renders it necessary for us to glance, as briefly as possible, at more stirring adventure. Early in 1508, Maximilian, Emperor elect, formally proclaimed, in Trent, that he purposed passing into Italy with an armed force, to receive the Iron Crown from the hands of the Pope. Two months previously, the Venetians, aware of his warlike and hostile

preparations, had sent their forces into the field, where reinforcements awaited them, from King Louis of France—as the Duchy of Milan, then in that monarch's possession, was avowedly the object of Maximilian's incursion into Italy. Count Petigliano, with Andrea Gritti as Proveditore,* commanded the army posted at Rovere to watch the motions and check the advance of the Imperialists about Trent; Giorgio Cornaro, the other Proveditore, accompanied D'Alvaine and the troops despatched for the protection of Friuli. War was not formally declared on the part of Venice until the fourth of April, but hostilities had actually been commenced six weeks earlier, by the Emperor's leading part of his army from Trent to within a few miles of Vicenza, at that time a Venetian city. Here he wasted some days on military movements of little consequence, and then, to the surprize of his soldiers and his enemies, suddenly retreated to Bolzano, a

* The Proveditors represented the Senate, and the General was not allowed to go on any enterprise of importance with

town more remote than Trent from the Italian frontier.* Some warlike manifestations were subsequently made on the side toward Trent, in which the Germans gained a few slight advantages; but as the Emperor—whose constant poverty had gained him the soubriquet of IL POCHO-DANARIO, (or the Pennyless),—was unable to discharge the arrears of pay due to his Swiss troops, these mercenaries passed over into the service of his opponents. Thus weakened, his army was attacked by Petigliano; but it would seem as if Fortune had resolved to plague that General, for he was unable to take even the petty fort of La Pietra, near Trent, and finally raised the siege with more than convenient haste. The issue was, that the Germans fell back upon Trent and were disbanded, soon after, on the expiry of their

out the consent of at least one of them; but, if time permitted, an express was first to be sent to Venice to consult the Senate.—BEMBO.

* Guicciardini says that, "this sudden retreat left all people in amazement at his fickleness and ill-digested councils."

stipulated six months of military service, while the Venetians also resumed their original position at Rovere, without having done more than checked the advance of the foe.

While Petigliano was thus all but unfortunate, D'Alvaine was carrying on the war, in another quarter, with brilliant, rapid, and remarkable success. Maximilian, (who would have been a tolerable guerilla leader) remained but a breathing-space at Bolzano—detached a considerable force from his main body of troops—placed himself at the head of this division—effected a rapid and uninterrupted movement towards Friuli, which he found unprotected—entered the valley of Cadore, and surprised the castle and fort, at which Titian had arrived a few days before, his father, Gregorio Vecelli, being the Governor of that post.

Titian was not in the Castle at the time it was taken. He had been tempted into some of his old country-haunts by the beauty of the day, and was returning to the Castle just as the

setting sun was tinging the west with gold and ruby, making a glorious variety of all rich hues in the heavens. Scarcely a breath of air ruffled a leaf upon the trees—scarcely a sound broke the silence which appeared to breathe calm repose upon all objects around. It was just the hour and the scene in which, subdued and almost saddened into contemplation, the mind involuntarily overflows into poetry, and draws many a memory from the past, and forms many a soft dream of the future. How many have felt such gentle influences—how much of the poetry which such influences make, has died with the hour, unwritten and forgotten! For truly has he—who is at once poet and philosopher, reaping, in his hoary age, the harvest which he sowed early and trustingly—truly has Wordsworth described the

> Men endowed with highest gifts,
> The vision aad the faculty divine;
> Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse,

who, poets all but in name, have felt such impulses which needed but the almost mechanical

aid of composition to become poetry, which would sink deep into the hearts of men, striking a chord which *there* would have an echo.

Thus it was that, sitting beneath a mighty tree, under whose boughs he had often played, a careless child, ere he left his home, Titian felt his mind filled with reflections and hopes—which make populous the revealed past and the shrouded future. Almost unconsciously, these thoughts assumed the form of verse, and so swiftly did they throng, that his hand could scarcely record them with sufficient speed. The strain thus hastily composed has been preserved by one of the accidents which appear stranger than fiction; and the following is given as a version in our own tongue. It was thus that Titian thought of—

HOPE AND MEMORY.

Gliding along the current of Life's river,
  Whose waters heave in storms for ever more,
Two guardian spirits watch beside us ever,
  Nor leave us 'till we reach the eternal shore:

One, with pale cheek, sad brow, and raven tresses,
  Still glancing backward at the shadowy Past;
Radiant the other, with the smile that blesses,
  As if no sorrows upon earth could last.

Memory is one, and sadly brings before us,
  The fading records of departed years;
The other, bright-eyed Hope, who scatters o'er us,
  Those sunny heart-beams which disperse our tears.
And ever 'mid life's varying joy and sorrow,
  Those guardian spirits cling to us on earth;
Hope, giving promise of a smiling morrow,
  And Memory, mourning our evanished mirth.

Even in the hushed and silent midnight hour,
  When wearied nature sinks to placid sleep,
Memory and Hope still exercise their power,
  And—linked with Fancy—vigils o'er us keep,
With shapes and glimpses of immortal seeming,
  They people many a vision of the night,
And bring back to us, in that happy dreaming,
  The loved and lost, long strangers to our sight.

Oh, may I deem that you were sent, fair spirits—
  Who join the eternal future with the past,
Blending the joys and griefs which life inherits—
  By those whose course is now all heavenward cast.
Yet, while I muse, methinks there hath descended,
  A change upon each bright immortal brow,
The Hope of yesterday to-day has ended,
  And voiceful Memory sadly greets me now.

Titian was still sitting under the old tree, communing with his own thoughts, after having thus poured out his spirit in song, when he perceived that he was not alone. A stranger, in military garb, had silently approached without his notice, and now stood before him. There was something in the appearance of this man, which, although his dress was almost mean, immediately drew the Painter's attention. His countenance was one of those which bears the impress of command; and Titian was not surprised when the stranger announced to him the capture of the Castle of Cadore, which had taken place, indeed, without scarcely a blow having been struck — the Venetian Seigniory not thinking it worth while to put a strong garrison into a fort so remote and unimportant—and informed him further, that he was the chief officer in command.

"Then," said the Painter, "I suppose that I am to consider myself your prisoner?"

"Precisely so. May I demand your name?"

When informed of this, he exclaimed—

"I consider myself fortunate in having met you, and beg that from this hour you will consider yourself and your relations at liberty, and your property perfectly secure. When I learned, on marching hither, that the family of Titian, the great Venetian painter, had their abode at Cadore, I directed the soldiery under my command, not only to restrain from violence, but to treat all at Cadore as friends. You may go where and when you will, and, if you require it, an escort shall accompany you to any place you may name?"

Returning thanks for this unexpected courtesy, Titian requested permission to remain in the Castle of Cadore, as the severe illness of his grandfather, the Conte Vecelli, rendered removal dangerous.

"As we shall probably occupy the Castle for a few weeks," replied the German, "nothing would give greater happiness than to be your host or guest for that time, but the Conte Vecelli has been so much, although needlessly, alarmed at our occupancy of his dwelling, that,

notwithstanding his illness, he desired to be conveyed to Belluno, and already has departed in a litter, accompanied by all of his family except yourself, and escorted by a troop of my cavalry. The distance being only a few miles, he has probably reached Belluno ere this, and the only restraint I shall place upon yourself, is to request your company for this night, with liberty to rejoin your friends as early as you please, to-morrow."

It was impossible to refuse the invitation, and Titian accompanied the German to Cadore. The sentinels presented arms as their officer entered the Castle, and it appeared as if some further demonstration of respect were to follow, for the drum summoned all the military to assemble;—but the German, calling an inferior officer aside, gave a few orders which seemed to prevent the display that was intended.

On reaching his quarters, which were the rooms generally occupied by the Vecelli family, the German courteously invited the Painter to consider himself rather a host than a guest, and

repeated that he must not consider himself as a prisoner. "God forbid," said he, emphatically, "that the Germans, barbarians as you of Italy consider them, should be so Gothic as to war with the Arts or those that cultivate them. We respect, we envy, and perhaps we may one day equal the wonders which the pencil and the chisel are now producing in Italy. Nations and their rulers may be at enmity with each other, but they should ever hold in especial honor, the men who cultivate the Arts, Letters, and all that elevate and instruct mankind."

"Your opinions," said Titian, "do credit to you, and I venture to think that they are those of the Emperor."

"What," retorted the German sharply—"what should you know of the Emperor?"

"He is a man," replied Titian, "whom I have never seen, and therefore I know nothing of him personally; but he deserves honour, as the friend and protector of Albert Durer. He supplied him with money while prosecuting his studies in Italy, and gave constant and profita-

ble employment to his pencil, after his return to Germany. I believe, too, that his encouragement of Art has not rested here. Rumour has borne across the Alps an account of his patronage of Hans Schaeuflein, who treads in Durer's steps, as an engraver."

"And so Rumour has reported this? Well, the jade tells the truth, for once. The Emperor certainly has been the friend of Albert Durer, and may well be fond of having such a subject. As for Schaeuflein, the chance is that the Imperial patronage of him may be attributed to motives not so high as abstract love of Art. Know you not, that Maximilian, who affects to be a man of letters, as well as a sovereign, who makes rhymes when he should be writing ordinances—is said to have written a work, called THEURDANCK,* in which he narrates his own exploits and adventures?"

* THEURDANCK, attributed to the Emperor Maximilian, made its appearance from the Nuremberg press in 1517, with 218 wood-cuts by Hans Schaeuflein, pupil of Albert Durer. In 1519, a second edition was published at Augsburg.

"That he has done so, I have not heard until now."

"Why, it was not likely you should, seeing that the book is not only unpublished, as yet, but even unfinished. This poem—for it is a romance in German verse—is even now receiving the benefit of Hans Schaeuflein's talent, for he is to illustrate it with engravings upon wood, many of which are executed, and almost equal to the best things that Albert Durer has produced."

"This was not known in Venice," said Titian; "but we know that the Emperor had also encouraged Hans Burgkmair. Indeed, I have heard much of him, but have never been so fortunate as to meet with any work of his."

"Honest Burgkmair," said the German, "has great merit; but he has one fault—he knows not what industry is. He gets a thousand florins for a picture, which he does so well that you would scarcely know it not to be by Durer, and, while the money lasts, honest Hans never takes up the pencil. Pity it is

that his wife, who resembles him in this, was not mated with Durer, and that Durer's spouse was not the spouse of Hans Burgkmair.—What! not heard how Albert Durer *cannot* be idle, if he would? His wife, who is over-thrifty, thinks it waste of time and money for him ever to be unemployed. So, when she does not sit with him in his painting-room, she occupies an apartment under it, and ten times in the hour, strikes the ceiling with a tall wand, to remind Albert that he must not idle!"

"It would not surprise me," said the Painter, "if he were to rebel against the authority which thus plays the tyrant over him."

"He has threatened, a thousand times, to part from her, but her tears, her entreaties, and her promises, have ever made him forego his purpose, and the breach is made up, while the repetition of the annoyance is certain to ensue, with as little delay as possible. But here, Sir Painter, comes our repast."

The German appeared about fifty years of age, rather above the middle stature, well made,

and uniting strength and agility in no ordinary degree. His profile was marked and handsome—the nose being aquiline, the mouth small, and the chin well cut and decided in form. His hair was light, and his eyes blue. His manners were courteous rather than polished—a curious mixture of the familiar and the stately. His attire, as we have remarked before, was plain, almost to negligence.

The conversation between Titian and the German was carried on in Italian, which the latter spoke well, although with a provincial or rather a foreign accent. While they were doing justice to the repast which had been served up, the German so repeatedly pledged the Painter in the wine-cup, that it appeared wonderful that the repeated draughts had not incapacitated him from serious discourse. Titian, like his countrymen in general, was abstemious at table, and the German did not hesitate to insinuate, or rather to affirm that his companion was what, in modern parlance, might be called "a milksop." Titian admitted his in-

ability to drain the goblet as his host did, and the German responded, "Aye, because you are unused to it. Across the mountains we are accustomed to drink deep, and drink often. I warrant it, that you have heard this of us?"

"Yes," replied Titian, "that same Rumour which I named before, has told us that the Germans love the juice of the grape—it has hinted, too, that the most illustrious in your land shares in this fondness for the goblet."

"No doubt," said the German, with a smile, "you are alluding to the Italian nickname which the Emperor Maximilian has been so fortunate as to obtain? He receives an Embassy from the Venetian Senate or from the Pope—he strives to shew them the hospitality which as man, no less than as Emperor, he should exhibit; and if he drink more deeply than his guests, although his constitution may enable him to take three cups for every one of theirs, they call him, 'The Drunkard,' in acknowledgment for his courtesy in admitting them to his table! It is enough to make him

forswear society. Has Rumour told any thing else of Maximilian? Speak boldly, depend on it, that what you say he shall never hear from me."

"They do justice, in Venice, to the merits of the Sovereign, whose administration has restored peace to Germany, who has been the bulwark of Europe against the Turks, and who —like Bayard—has exhibited in his own person a revival of the gallant chivalry, which, in our days, has been matter of tradition rather than existence."

"You flatter him."

"I speak the truth of Maximilian," said the Painter. "He has been the most liberal patron to the Fine Arts, and those who cultivate them, that Germany ever saw. Poets, philosophers, painters, and historians have alike benefitted by his favour. He has himself written upon many subjects, and written so well, that I have heard many ripe scholars regret that he was not wholly belonging to them. As a man, and as a Prince, he is far in advance of his age.

Can you forget how gallantly, some years ago, he bore himself, at the first diet of Worms, against the French Chevalier, Claude de Batre!"

"I have a recollection of something of the kind."

"Were I a German," said the Painter, in an indignant tone, "I never could forget that incident, so honourable to the country and its ruler. De Batre placed his shield outside one of the windows of his apartment, and haughtily sent out a public challenge to any German, of whatever rank, who might have courage to accept it. No one had the spirit to take up the challenger's glove. The Emperor, indignant at this silence, and on fire to repair the disgrace which this refusal cast upon the nation which he ruled, struck the shield, and, on the part of an unnamed Knight, flung back the defiance. The day for the combat was fixed—each combatant descended into the lists, in complete armour—the trumpet sounded—the onset was made—lances were broken—

swords were drawn—the unknown Knight received a wound on his breast—he pressed on with double force—and, at length, De Batre confessed himself defeated. The conqueror then raised his vizor—Germany saw that her Emperor was the champion of her honour. One deed like this is enough to awaken Chivalry from its trance, and to breathe new life into the soul of Poetry."

"Enough of this praise," said the German, taking Titian's hand and pressing it warmly. "I had rather that the eulogy of Maximilian were spoken any where rather than in my hearing. Maximilian, I dare say, would be better if he could. Providence has showered favours upon him, and I hope he is not unmindful of them. He was not so fortunate, as are some Princes, in the advantage of early education, for until his tenth year, he articulated so indifferently that he obtained the surname of The Mute. After he ascended the throne, he applied himself to the study of the languages, which he has acquired indifferently

well. It has been said, too, that when the occasion demands he can express himself with a certain degree of eloquence. It is thought, I believe, that, however unfortunate in some of his expeditions—all of which were undertaken for the good of his subjects and the glory of his country—he has a fair knowledge of the art of war. Perhaps, had he been differently situated, he might have done better things. But what can an Emperor of Germany do, hemmed in, on all sides, by the jealousies and enmities of the Princes, over whom he holds a sway little more than nominal? Man is the servant rather than the master of circumstances, and it is not often that they shape themselves in his favour exactly as he might desire, if he had the power of choice.—Tell me, frankly, have you not heard Maximilian accused of that meanest of all vices—the love of money?"

"Never. His enemies do him more justice than you appear aware of. They know that he often wants the pecuniary means of carry-

ing out his plans, and therefore have called him 'Maximilian the Penniless,' as you may know; but they accuse him rather of being lavish and improvident than mean or avaricious."

"I did not know," said the German, "that they had nick-named our Emperor, as "The Penniless." Doubtless this is an invention of some of the quick wits and saucy tongues of Venice. Some day, perhaps—and that not a distant one—Maximilian may in person demand a name-gift from his god-mother, the Queen of the Adriatic. His father, the Emperor Frederic, they called 'The Pacificator.' If Maximilian possessed Frederic's wealth, it probably would purchase higher titles from the proud Venetians than 'The Drunkard,' or 'The Penniless.'"

"They speak, in Venice," replied the Painter, "of the Emperor Frederic's having been so fortunate as to obtain the Philosopher's Stone, and they attribute his wealth to its possession."

"I believe, my friend, that the Emperor Frederic may thank his own prudence for his wealth. They whispered in his life-time, what they now openly declare, that, with the alchemists and the astrologers, he had penetrated into the most profound secrets of nature —that he had developed the planetary movements, and, from the combination and influences of the stars, knew how to comprehend and predict coming events—that he had studied Alchemy so profoundly as to be able to bestow vivid colours upon the common flint, and make diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires so well that no lapidary could distinguish them from precious gems of the rarest kinds and greatest value—that he was able to change quicksilver into gold,—and that he was master of a tincture, a few drops of which, taken in water, formed an admirable specific against the heaviest disorders!"

"Of course, he used his own specific?"

"I suppose so," said the German, with a smile, "for he nearly reached his eightieth

year. The tradition in his family was that he really had procured some tincture, precious as that which the Sicilian husbandman found, many centuries ago. The story runs thus:—a countryman, far advanced in years, turned up a golden vessel, as he was ploughing. He opened it and found it to contain a liquid, the colour of pure gold, and with a peculiar but aromatic odour. Of this, being hot and faint from his labour, the old man drank, and immediately the springs of life were renewed, so that his body appeared like that of a young man, and his mental faculties—memory, thought, and understanding—became so much improved, that from a peasant he became a courtier, and lived, for the space of nearly a century after, in the service of William, King of Sicily, and his successors."

"What manner of man is this Emperor of yours?" demanded Titian, who, at that time, had no great faith in the *aurum potabile*—although, at the close of his life, he is known

to have expended both time and wealth in the search for it.

"If you mean, what his appearance is, perhaps I could best inform you by saying that he is neither halt nor blind. He has been supposed to bear some resemblance to myself—but perhaps the knaves who said so had not seen both of us together; and you must know, Sir Painter, how fancied resemblances discover unlikeness when both the persons are together. As your question indicates that you have not yet seen the Emperor, what say you to examining his portrait? I should not wonder if you fancied some likeness between these rough features of mine and the features which the artist's skill has there pourtrayed. It has been executed, upon wood, by Hans Burgkmair, who has not only given a faithful resemblance, but has produced what, as a work of art, may be considered superior to any thing of the kind yet produced. It is a wood-engraving in *chiar' oscuro*, and represents the Emperor upon horseback. Perhaps, when

you view it you may recognize features not quite unfamiliar. This is the print—it is the only copy that the artist has yet struck off, and it was sent by him for the Emperor's inspection. Judge, Signore Tiziano, whether there be any likeness to him who speaks to you?"

He placed the print before the Painter, and amused himself in watching his changes of countenance as he examined it. Titian raised his eyes to compare his host's features with those in the print, and the German smiled as he saw the conviction gradually apparent, that the original of the print was present!

"Listeners seldom hear good of themselves, Signore Tiziano Vecelli, but never had the absent a champion like yourself! Nay, kneel not; we have been on pretty familiar terms since we met, and it is rarely that a Prince has the opportunity of casting aside the state which fetters him, and of sitting down, face to face, with a man who speaks the truth, and does not fear to speak it."

Thus assured, the Painter desisted from

attempting any apologetic language to the Emperor, who further stated that having often heard Albert Durer speak of him—their acquaintance having been formed in Venice some years before—he was tempted, when circumstances permitted it, to enjoy Titian's company, without disclosing his rank.

"There is little chance now, I suppose," said the Emperor, "of Durer's hopes being gratified. Never was man more devoid of jealousy, and well knowing how, until lately, your merits were unacknowledged in Venice, he has often intreated me to invite you to Germany. If I envy Venice anything, Signore Tiziano, it is her possession of such a Painter as yourself. I have little doubt that your pencil will achieve a greater empire among posterity than my sceptre can win—for the power I hold is only a divided power, and the renown I may win, hardly striven for, may not be confirmed by time. Your sway is over the mind, and he who, like you, labours for man-

kind, has already commenced his immortality."

After this, taking a jewel from his finger, he added, "You will rejoin your family on the morrow. Assure them that, whenever they please, they may return here; my regard for you is the pledge of my protection to them. My necessities, which your friend Rumour has not exaggerated, have not left me the means of suitably testifying my sense of your great merits. Oblige me, however, I entreat, by wearing this ring, if not as a memorial of our meeting, as a guarantee for your own safety from my soldiers and followers, at all times and places. It is well known to all my officers as my own signet, and as such, will ensure the same observance and regard as if I were by your side. And now, farewell; for I may not be able to see you when you depart in the morning. Nay—I will have no kissing of hands. At a future day, perhaps I may have the gratification of seeing you at our Court, when you may pay what observances of eti-

quette you think fit; but here, where we have spoken, eaten, drank together, as familiar friends, we must part without any retreat into formalities."

Thus concluded Titian's first and last interview with one of the most remarkable men of that era. For, whatever were the Emperor Maximilian's faults as a ruler, it cannot be denied that he possessed many of the virtues which give grace and dignity to the highest station. His greatest error was the pursuit, with disproportionate means, of the fantasy called Glory—the moral *ignis fatuus* which has misled so many rulers, from Alexander to Napoleon. He was fast in his friendships, and fickle only in the pursuit of the objects of his ambition. Constantly soliciting the advice of his friends, he invariably made it a point not to be guided by it, except it exactly agreed with his own previous disposition. He was at once laborious and negligent—opinionative and variable—bold and timid. One of his latest aims, which

historians have greatly ridiculed—namely, his aspiring to the Roman tiara—would not have been at all absurd, if instead of being a Sovereign, he had been brought up to the Church; for he was learned, and the patron of letters—fond of science—and more deeply actuated by the influences of religion than, perhaps, any prince of his time. There was as much truth as wit in what Julius II. said of him when he assumed the title of Pontifex Maximus, in imitation of the Roman Emperors. "The Electors," said the Pope, (who had desired Michael Angelo to make his statue with a drawn sword in the right hand), "the Electors, instead of giving the Empire to Julius, should have given it to Maximilian; and the Cardinals, instead of making Maximilian Pope, should have raised Julius to that dignity!"

Of his faults, whatever they were, Titian thought little after this interview, which had allowed him the honour and privilege of meeting the Cæsar upon the equal footing of com-

panionship, for the time. Not only immediately after they parted, but during a long life, did the Painter think with satisfaction upon the glimpse of Royalty, freed from the gyves of ceremony, which had thus been afforded him. It is common for the Illustrious in station to wonder and lament why they rarely have more than lip-service from those around them. Did they but know how greatly they would win favour and affection from the public mind by occasional intercourse with, as well as constant and discriminating patronage of the great in mind, they would not hesitate to do it. But, instead of this, they are surrounded by the summer-ephemeræ of their Courts, and communion with the great in rank is substituted for that communion with the eminent in intellect which their country has to be proud of. Not thus, in bygone days, did the illustrious shun converse with the better because the brighter portion of their subjects; the most brilliant time, in every nation, will be

found to have been when the fullest and most direct encouragement was bestowed upon those who shed light upon, while they drew glory from, Literature and Art.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BANDITS OF THE FRIULI.

The event which most singularly marked the fearless enterprises of Salvator in the Abruzzi, was his captivity by the banditti, who alone inhabited them. Whether he escaped, or was liberated by the caprice or the generosity of the banditti is unknown.

LADY MORGAN'S *Life of Salvator Rosa.*

EARLY the next morning, Titian quitted Cadore to rejoin his kinsmen at Belluno. The distance was so short, and the road so familiar, that he declined the escort which he was informed the Emperor had placed at his disposal, and rode off without any companion.

He had not accomplished more than half his journey, when his course was suddenly interrupted by half a dozen armed men, caparisoned as soldiers, who demanded whither he was going, and whence he had come? He answered

both questions, and, thinking them to be some of the Imperial troops, showed them the Emperor's signet-ring, soliciting the protection it was to afford him. Very speedily, however, he learned that the few men who had thus impeded his progress, were not soldiers—though they once had been—but constituted what may be called "the advanced guard" of a rather numerous association of banditti, who taking advantage of the disturbed and unprotected state of the country, had assembled from various quarters, under a popular leader, and were levying contributions in such parts of the Friuli as the Imperialists had not visited.

To ease Titian of his Imperial jewel—to appropriate, also, such of his personal property as was portable—and to enforce his attendance with them, as a prisoner, was the work of five minutes, accompanied by a threat that an attempt at escape would involve the penalty of the harshest treatment. The Painter, so circumstanced, was necessitated to submit, and accompanied his captors to their retreat, not far distant in the forest.

The place of rendez-vous was reached in a short time, and a jovial shout from their comrades spoke the welcome that a successful foray deserved. The captors, with much glee, announced the particulars of their exploit, and dwelt, with peculiar jocoseness, upon the (for them) fortunate mistake which the Painter had made when he presented the Emperor's ring as a passport to their protection. The value of the gem put the company into such good humour, that they did not attempt to play off upon their prisoner any of the practical jokes, more rough than pleasant, which are sometimes indulged in by reckless ruffians in like circumstances.

The leader of the band now came up, to whom was submitted an account of the capture; to him, also, was transferred the booty. He was a man who, apparently, had been accustomed to better companionship than he now enjoyed, and it was evident that he possessed unlimited control over his comrades. He said that, of course, the prisoner should be liberated on payment of a ransom, the amount of which

would be assessed by the whole corps, but that as their mid-day repast was ready, he thought they had better defer business until that was disposed of.

A little farther on, amid the forest-depths, the banditti had appropriated a spot which it almost seemed as if Nature had expressly provided for the purpose of accommodating such wanderers. Beneath a tall rock, which afforded a welcome shade, the process of preparing the repast was going on, and those who partook of it lay "at listless length" upon the mossy sward close by, so that they luxuriantly dined—like Robin Hood and his merry men of yore, in Sherwood Forest—beneath the shade of the giant trees, with the sunbeams gleaming through their leafy panoply, giving a light, which, toned down as it was through that medium, was tinged with the softest and most delicate green that ever eye glanced upon. The viands, if not especially rare in quality, were abundant and savoury, nor was there wanting ample store of wine to add mirth to the repast. Titian's philosophy was precisely

of that kind which led him to endeavour to make the best of circumstances, and it saw no reason why, were he captive a thousand times over, he should starve in the midst of plenty. So he accommodated himself to his situation and his company, partook of the hospitality they proffered him, did justice to the wine-cup, as it made its circuit, and joined in the merry jest and song as they were poured forth. Thus he soon succeeded in making a favourable impression upon his hosts, and seldom did compulsory guest appear more completely at home. He was under no personal apprehensions, not only because he had partaken of "the sacred bread and salt" with his captors, but he knew that as their interest lay in treating him well, with a view to his ransom, he was certain of good treatment if they had assurance of its prompt payment. Near as he was to his relatives, he knew that in a few hours the money could be procured; nor was he quite unwilling to see something of the life and manners of those who had now made him their involuntary guest.

Gliding, as it were, into the jovial spirit of the scene—and, perhaps, really feeling a considerable share of enjoyment in its novelty—the Painter soon came to be considered as one before whom it was scarcely requisite to keep up much reserve. The past was freely spoken of, and the future hinted at without any great apprehension that he would make mischief from what he heard. The conversation flagged at last, and, one by one, most of the banditti betook themselves to the solacing luxury of a *siesta*. A few continued to pay their devotions to the wine-cup, talking, as they drank, of former exploits, but in a tone so low, that even if worth hearing, only a sentence of their discourse could be caught now and then. Some tried their fortune at the dice, and found backers in abundance. A few, posted as sentinels along the route to the more open part of the forest, prevented surprise, and were ready at the same time to give warning of the approach of any traveller; for the place which the banditti had chosen for their retreat, although secret enough from casual observa-

tion, was within easy access of the road by the Piave, which was well frequented at the time.

Titian could not help thinking, as he viewed the scene, that he had seldom beheld a more picturesque spectacle. In the back-ground, was the precipitous cliff, black with the ivy of many years, with the ruddy fire at its base, throwing a lurid light around; the mighty monarchs of the wood, thick with leaves, surrounded them; and immediately before him were the robbers, as we have described. It was Titian's boast—and, no doubt, one of the secrets of his great success—that his pictures were but reflections from Nature, and the opportunity he now had was not to be neglected. He was provided with the means of availing himself of it—for a sketch-book, even in those days, was sufficiently portable—and he proceeded to sketch the landscape and the figures before him.

Rapid execution was one of the peculiar characteristics of his drawing, and he soon had completed his sketch without interruption. He

did not succeed, however, in finishing it unobserved. One of the robbers, who saw him thus occupied, gently separated himself from the group, and stole behind the Painter, so as to obtain a complete view of the sketch; and, suddenly snatching it out of his hand, held it up to his comrades, with a merry shout, as a great prize. He succeeded in drawing their attention to himself; and then, to their admiration, exhibited Titian's handiwork. The leader of the band, who sat apart from the rest in moody silence, was one of the last to see it; and, perceiving it to be a spirited representation of the scene before him, turned to the Painter, and demanded his name. When he learned who his prisoner was, he exclaimed—

"I should have known that none but Tiziano Vecelli could have done this. What say you, my merry men; has he not hit off the very place we stand upon? See, here is Stephano's wry neck; there, Antonio's round face; and here, by Hercules, is the very semblance of myself. What say you: shall we take ransom,

or demand ransom from the Painter? We do not war with Art."

A murmur of assent ran through the crowd; and their leader, taking advantage of it, continued—

"Let us be proud that we have TITIAN for our guest. Signore," he added, "you must excuse the blunder which brought you hither, and may proceed on your journey when you please. While Venice is proud of your repute and skill—while your name rings throughout Italy—it shall not be said that we could do you injustice. Whatever property of yours we have, shall be restored. Say I well, my men?"

The banditti declared their approbation at the proposal; and Titian then expressed his gratitude, requesting that the contents of his purse might be shared among the band; and signified his desire to redeem the Emperor's ring, with any sum they pleased to name as its value.

"We shall keep the gold, since you will have it so; but here is the ring, without pay-

ment of a scudi. Not a word of thanks. Many of us have seen, all of us have heard of Titian's paintings; and we are only acknowledging his merit in our own rough manner. We shall keep the gold, that each man here may have one coin which has belonged to Titian, and the rest we shall expend in wine to drink his health. Yet, Signore, grant us one favour: the day is yet young, and your destination so close at hand, that an hour's riding will carry you there; join us, once more, around a stoup of wine, and let us be gratified by thus knowing that you are content with our conduct towards you."

It was scarcely possible to decline this second invitation. An hour was soon gone; and then Titian bade farewell to his entertainers. His ring, horse, and apparel were restored to him, and his friendly captors parted from him with many courteous salutations.

Their leader had signified his intention of accompanying him through the forest; and as they went on together, leisurely, Titian was able to discover the secret of his power over

the wild spirits under his sway; it was the might of Mind which made this man supreme over his comrades; which, had it been favourably developed, might have made him great as a soldier, statesman, priest—instead of gaining him nothing but the bad eminence among bad men, which would probably lead to an obscure, if not a violent or shameful death.

"I perceive," said he, "that, though you ask no question, you would fain learn why I am banded with the ruffians—for, in sooth, such they are—whom we have just quitted; is it not so, Signore Tiziano?"

The Painter confessed that he had some curiosity to know what could have brought among them a man who appeared so much superior to them, in every respect.

The Robber said, "Since you possess so much interest in one on whose ears of late, the words of kindness have rarely fallen, I shall even gratify myself, by telling you what has made me what I am."

THE BANDIT'S STORY.

"What I am I have been made by WRONG—which has driven many better men from the right path. My name—but let that rest unknown, for I have no hope, as I once had, that I should make it one of those which men would speak with honour. I am a native of Padua, and have served in the navy of St. Mark. My birth was nobler than my fortunes, and thus, though I was originally destined to be an advocate, I was compelled to pursue the meaner occupation of a seaman. In Venice, where my duty often called me, I saw and loved the daughter of a proud Noble. In order to increase the wealth of his only son, this man destined his daughter for the veil. I learned from her own lips that this was to be her cheerless lot. Humble as I was, I ventured to give utterance to the passion I had dared to nourish, even against hope; she was young, and love had given persuasion to my words—

on the very eve of the dark day on which she was to have entered that living tomb, the convent, I succeeded in effecting her escape, by flight. On the morrow, when her father came, with all her relatives, to deliver her to the gloom of a religious life—to vows in which her young heart could have had nothing but a life-long future of misery—he found her not.

"Months passed on. Cornelia—for that was her name—was content to abandon an unhappy home, however splendid, and an unkind father, for the humble life I could provide, and the warm affections she knew that I bore for her. Never was wedded life more happy than ours. Never was woman the cause of greater comfort to her husband. Luxury, my narrow means could not procure—but she wanted it not. We had no gilded pomps around us, no splendid misery, such as she had seen and felt in her early home. But love, the deepest and most cherishing, which scatters flowers upon the rugged paths of life—love, the tried and shared, was ours, and we cared not for any

wealth except the treasures that we could create and divide among ourselves—the treasures which day by day increased, for their source was in the heart.

"Our retreat was chosen at the greatest distance from Venice, that I could select, with reference to convenient access to that city. Had I been wise, I should have borne my high-born bride beyond the verge of St. Mark's power, and have sought security, if not fortune, in some other part of Italy. But I had grown fond of a sea-life, I had obtained some distinction in the service, and I had reason to hope that I should speedily obtain the command of a war-galley, which would at once give me ample means of affording my wife some of the luxuries she had abandoned for my sake. I fancied, too, that the very obscurity of my position constituted its safety, and that I should be left, as I avoided all communication with my Cornelia's relations, to enjoy with her the humble fortunes she had chosen.

"The summons came which was to separate

us, for a season. The Seigniory had appointed me the command of a galley, with orders for immediate embarkation, as an expedition to the Greek islands was to proceed, war against the Candiotes having been declared. At another time, the summons would have been received with pride and joy—but now I felt saddened by the anticipation of heavy ill. We parted, and almost the last word that my wife whispered in my ear was that, perhaps, when I returned, there would be a little bud for Love to cherish and protect, with all a father's care. Methinks I see her now, her cheek flushed with the consciousness of that life within life, which she had just promised should be ours, and her dark eyes swimming in the tears which she would fain suppress, for fear that the sight of them should unman me. One long—long embrace—one hurried word of farewell, and no more.

"Good fortune — courage — whatever you please to call it, not only obtained me distinction in the Candiote war, but procured me the com-

mand of a larger vessel than I had at first obtained. Honour and wealth appeared to spring up for me, wherever I went—for the Seigniory gladly acknowledged the value of such exertions as I made, and now had a double motive for making. But the very success I met with had the disadvantage of keeping me absent from her, for whose sake I chiefly prized the reputation I was establishing and the wealth I was winning. At last, the war was ended, and I returned, surrendered my command into the hands of the Seigniory, received intimation that my services were rewarded with a pension for life, and the Knightly Order of St. Mark of Venice, conferred only for distinguished merit, and then—a proud man, as the maker of my own fortunes—I hastened to my home.

"My home!—there was no home for me. All that made home of worth was gone! The star of home had departed—the rest of life was valueless and without hope. I learned that, shortly before my return, my wife had been

removed by force, and little doubt could I have by whom this great wrong had been done. Was I to sit down, tamely, and brood over my wrongs? was I to suffer this wreck of heart and happiness, nor make an effort to obtain redress?—was I to allow the wife of my bosom thus to be taken from me, nor attempt to recover her? No, I returned to Venice; I ascertained that, even as I suspected, my Cornelia was a close prisoner in her father's house; I made many but fruitless exertions to see or communicate with her; and, at last, trusting much to the justice of my cause, and something to the services I had rendered the State, I appealed to the Council of Ten, demanding that my wife should be restored to me, and promising, if she was, to remove with her far from Venice, so that her family might be spared the reproach or disgrace, if it were either, of seeing her the wife of one not quite their equal in ancestry, although, it might be, their superior in all that constitutes a man.

"The Ten declined all interference, and pri-

vily cautioned me that I should quit Venice for a time, as I had much offended by wedding a daughter of St. Mark—for so, all the daughters of the nobility are considered—against her father's will, and without the formal consent of the Seigniory. Quit Venice, and leave my wife in the hands of her enemies and mine! No, I determined, that when I did quit Venice, it would be as before, with my Cornelia by my side.

"Accident favoured me, and procured my admittance into her father's house. There, I found my wife—the dying mother of an infant boy. She knew me—she whispered hope, even while Death was curdling the blood within her—she bade me cherish her memory, and love her child—and, while she spoke, her eyes became glazed, and one last pressure of her wasted hand was her sad and mute farewell. I knelt beside that death-bed; I gazed upon the face which never before had not given a smile in answer to my glance; I kissed the pale cheek, cold as a sculptured image; and, by the

side of her who had loved me as never was man loved before, swore to devote my future life to the child which her dying breath had bequeathed to me.

"While I thus knelt by the Dead, and sadly thought how different was the scene I had anticipated, while storm-tossed upon the world of waters, that cold and cruel father entered. At first, he did not see me, and gave directions that his daughter's funeral should take place without delay and with the strictest privacy. He then discovered that I was present. With contemptuous look and words he commanded me to quit his dwelling. I heeded not his commands. The dead before me and the living whom she had committed to my care—pledge of a love as true as mortality ever bore—engrossed my mind much more than the angry words of an angry man. He summoned his servitors to enforce my departure. They were many—I was but one man—yet they saw the gladiator in my look, nor dared raise the hand of violence against me. What *they* dared not

attempt, *he* did—he struck me, and I could have cloven him where he stood, but he was *her* father, and the sacred presence of the Dead made holy the place in which I was. Ashamed of his own violence and my forbearance, he offered no further violence then.

"By the side of the Departed I sate, until they bore her away for burial. The beautiful had vanished—the loving had sought her place in Heaven. The gentle memory of the Dead accompanied me, and, with that one living tie which still bound me to the earth, I sought the home which, in other days, had been such a happy one!

"My boy grew beneath my care, beautiful as his dear mother had been, and, with Time the Consoler, his sunny smiles and his winning ways softened the bitterness of the Sorrow which nothing could wholly subdue—which I should have been unwilling to part with, for it soothed as much as pained my mind. Thus a few years glided on, and still found me faithful to my vow, by the side of the Dead, to

dedicate myself, as *she* would have done, to the nurture and training of our dear child. But a storm broke in upon this peaceful solitude of mine, and again flung me as a waif upon the surging waves of the world.

"The father of my Cornelia lost his children one by one, after the death of her whom his unkindness had destroyed. At length, he thought of his grandson and made inquiries after him. Assured of his existence, he next obtained permission from the Seigniory to adopt him as his heir. He came to our dwelling, with the officers of the law, to force the child from my arms. He taunted me with my lowly birth. He accused me of the wrong which, he said, I had done his daughter. Wrong! — I had rescued a victim from the altar. I had led her away from wretchedness to happiness, which he had clouded and destroyed.

"They attempted to free the child from my arms. I entreated;—on my knees, I prayed that stern old man to spare me the only being upon earth who loved me. Entreaty and

prayer were in vain. He laughed my supplications to scorn, and commanded his satellites to do, what he called their duty. He did more—he gave them the example, by snatching my boy from my arms, and giving me, a second time, the indignity of a blow. Was I a man to suffer this? I drew my sword against him, was disarmed almost before our weapons crossed, was over-powered by numbers and secured. My child was borne away, and some of the *Sbirri* took charge of me, for I had committed the heavy crime of having, even with such provocation, raised my weapon against a Noble of Venice.

"Ten years of my manhood were wasted—without trial, without judgment, without pity—in the prison of Venice for that offence. Then, when that fatal He was dead, I was liberated, and they greatly praised the clemency which, on account of my former service, had spared my life. They even offered to restore me the command which I once had held. Alas, all that made Ambition of value had departed. My dreams of distinction and my desire of

fame had all been broken by the stroke which had deprived me of *her*.

"My first step was to inquire after my boy: that fair flower, who loved me dearly as child could love, had faded when removed to the chilling atmosphere in which his mother had breathed her last. More I could not learn—not even whether, ere he departed to rejoin her, he had left any word of comfort to me, his prisoned father.

"I quitted Venice, and, after months of such inaction of mind and body that life appeared almost suspended within me, a new desire stirred the very depths of my spirit. I had been wronged by Power—against Power I would war. Shaking off the torpor which had bound my mind, I collected a band of men, of desperate fortunes, like myself, and have moulded them to my will. We pass, silently as night, over the land, and many a poor peasant has cause to bless the bounty of the Bandits of Friuli. We prey upon the magnates, and compel them to surrender the

wealth they so much abuse. Whenever a Noble of Venice drops into the net, he pays a heavy ransom. They value themselves highly—when ten years in a dungeon is the doom of him who, broken in heart and trampled to the dust, smites the smiter—and we make them part with their sequins freely, ere they quit us."

"You have indeed had cause to war with Power," said Titian; "but you here punish the innocent as well as the guilty, and even Christian charity—"

"Nay, if you mean to give me a homily, I must say farewell. What I am, Venice has made me—what I might have been—but it is idle to think of *that*. While life throbs within this bosom, I shall prey upon the mighty. For yourself, who, I scarcely know how, have wrung from me the story of my sufferings, I would hope that we have given you no cause to complain. Once, I could have spoken to you about your Art—for I loved it in my youth, and have sometimes attempted to exercise the

pencil; but now, my mind cares little for all that charmed it once."

"I owe much to your courtesy," replied Titian, "and need scarcely tell you how greatly your story has moved me. I shall often think of the occurrence of this day, with pleasure."

"You will remember the Wronged? They have trampled on me like a worm, I have turned on them like a serpent. I have no fear that what you have seen or heard will transpire to our injury. To-morrow, we shall offer our swords to the service of our Emperor. Farewell, the forest boundary is at hand, and a nameless man need not give you safe-conduct any farther."

Before Titian could reply, the Bandit had turned away and was rapidly entering into the forest: once he turned, and waved his hand, nor again looked back. This was all that Titian ever saw or heard of him, but many times, during the course of his career, he thought, with feelings of much interest, upon his story.

As he rode along by the banks of the rippling Piave, Titian reflected on the singularity of his having, within a few hours, partaken of the hospitality of an Emperor and of a horde of Banditti. Rich as was the jewel, and grateful the courtesy bestowed on him by the Emperor, he thought that the greater kindness—as it involved not only a compliment, but a sacrifice to his glorious Art—was that which the robbers had shown him!

He arrived safely at Belluno, within an hour after he quitted the forest, rejoined his relatives, whose alarm had been excited by his absence, found his grandsire little affected by the fatigue of removal from Cadore, and continued with him, until, shortly after, they were enabled to return thither.

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